

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

MARCH 19, 1965

TIME

THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE



MARTIN
LUTHER
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VOL. 85 NO. 12

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

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FOR 23 YEARS, Cecil Moore has sold Pan American's services in the U.S. and abroad. He's assistant vice-president, and he communicates constantly with Pan Am's sales offices in 87 lands on six continents.

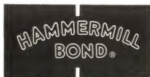
But the other Pan Am representative shown here makes thousands of sales trips each week. It's the airline's handsome letterhead on crisp, clean Hammermill Bond.

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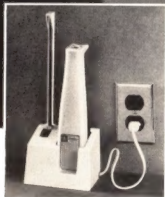
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General Electric Company, Housewares Division, Bridgeport, Connecticut

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



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smooth
and light
Scotch.

(So do other people.)



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Think back over the years. Were all your cars as good as you deserve? Were they masterpieces? Were they eloquent, long, graceful, infinitely luxurious? Did they lift your spirits? Make you soar? Make the merest turn around the block feel like a cruise to Nassau? Did they come equipped with every last thing needed to make driving (or just riding) an unmitigated pleasure?

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Buick Electra 225.
Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?



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to beat the heat
of the summer sun?

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1

Simple installation. The Bryant Gas air conditioning unit goes outdoors! On the ground or on the roof. No tearing out walls. No heavy-duty wiring needed. Not a single square inch of floor space is required.

2

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3

Economical operation. With Bryant, you cool with Gas—the economical



With a Gas flame.
How else?

modern fuel. And to make it even more of a bargain, many Gas companies (probably yours!) feature special summer cooling rates.

4

Major repair bills? Not likely. Bryant Gas air conditioning hardly ever needs service. That's another advantage of not having a lot of major moving parts. A Gas flame simply can't wear out.

5

Air cooled. And here's still another saving you make with Bryant. It's air cooled. Free air. No cold-water problems. No water bills.

6

The difference is Gas. No other type of cooling—only a Gas air conditioner—can give you lasting assurance that you've made the right "buy." Gas air conditioners mean easy installation—quieter operation—for less upkeep over the long run. It all adds up! Beat the heat of the summer sun with Gas air conditioning—Gas, the flame that costs. Right now—call your Gas company for a free home survey. Or write for more information to Bryant Manufacturing Company, Dept. T1, 2020 Montcalm Street, Indianapolis 7, Indiana.

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Gas makes the big difference
...costs less, too

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, March 17

PUREX DINAH SHORE SPECIAL (ABC, 8-30, 9-30 p.m.). Bob Hope co-hosts with Dinah; the guests include Henry Mancini and Maria Tallchief.

THE DANNY KAYE SHOW (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Enzo Stuart is no Irish tenor, and neither is Imogene Fernandez y Coca, but both join Brooklyn-bred Leprechaun Danny Kaye (born Kominsky) in a celebration of St. Patrick's Day.

Thursday, March 18

AAIN INVADERS THE SEA (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Robert Montgomery, in a rare return to TV, narrates this documentary on underwater exploration projects, including those of the U.S. Navy (*Sealab II*), Jacques-Yves Cousteau and such institutions as Woods Hole, Scripps Institute and the Lamont Geological Observatory.

Friday, March 19

FDR (ABC, 9-30-10 p.m.). The 1936 election with an in-person appearance by Alvin Karpis and Alvin Karpis.

AMERICA'S JUNIOR MISS PAGEANT (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A genuine slice of Americana, this beauty contest searches for "the ideal high-school senior girl" and is broadcast in color with TV Teacher James Franciscus (*Mr. Novak*) as host.

Saturday, March 20

NATIONAL INVITATION TOURNAMENT (NBC, 3-5 p.m.). The end-of-season college basketball championship is broadcast live from Madison Square Garden.

Sunday, March 21

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6-30 p.m.). "The Warsaw Uprising," a report on the 63 days in the summer of 1944 during which the Poles battled the German occupation troops with virtually no weapons and no outside help.

WORLD WAR I (CBS, 6-30-7 p.m.). "The Armistice."

THE ROGUES (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Gig Young and Gladys Cooper in a swindle involving a forged Shakespeare play.

Monday, March 22

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 7-30, 8-30 p.m.). An U.N.C.L.E. secretary has a brush with Thrush.

Tuesday, March 23

INTER-AMERICAN HIGHWAY: BRIDGE OF THE AMERICAS (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A ride in color, 3,000 miles down the highway from Laredo, Texas, to the Darien Gap in Panama, with sightseeing en route.

THEATER

On Broadway

ALL IN GOOD TIME. Without resorting to soap-operaic mush or clinical psychologizing, Bill Naughton has written a sharp-eyed comedy about a pair of newswomen with an intimate problem and problem parents. Naughton has some very funny things to say, and Donald Wolfit and Marjorie Rhodes say them with high talent and polished expertise.

TINY ALICE. Edward Albee's opaque allegory peddles the fallacy that the pure-

in-heart are mortally vulnerable before institutionalized workliffness. The symbols tinkle hollowly, but the theatrical electricity of the play is turned on fully by John Gielgud and Irene Worth.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT. In a healthy, vulgar slugfest between sex and the spirit, Diana Sands's screeching prostitute discovers she has a mind, and Alan Alda's dusty bookstore clerk admits he has a body. They almost lose each other trying to reconcile the difference.

LOVE, THREE CHARACTERS on a suspension bridge, suffering gurgulously from every known brand of contemporary self-pity. Theater of the absurd? Yes, but the flawless comic acting talents of Anne Jackson, Alan Arkin and Eli Wallach keep the absurd hilarious.

Off Broadway

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE. Apart from *Death of a Salesman*, this is Arthur Miller's most compelling effort to dramatize the tragedy of a common man. Robert Duvall's gusty portrayal of the doomed longshoreman hero gives the play tingling impact.

WAR AND PEACE. Ellis Rabb's inventive direction and the authoritative acting of the Phoenix Theater's repertory troupe evoke remarkably well the vast scope, surge and thematic intent of Tolstoy's massive novel within the narrow limits of one stage and a few hours' time.

RECORDS

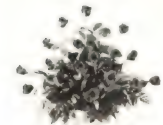
Jazz

GETZ AU GO GO (Verve). Astrud Gilberto (*The Girl from Ipanema*) is back, recorded live with Stan Getz and his new quartet at Manhattan's Café au Go Go. The lyrics are Astrud's, the lyricism is Stan's. While she intones such Ipanema-like songs as *Eu F. Vou e Correndo* in her curious, emotionless voice, he injects the meaning, blowing smoke spirals around her with his tenor sax.

ARCHIE SHEPP: FOUR FOR TRANE (Impulse). Four pieces by John Coltrane played wildly and tenderly in turn by a far-ranging, out-front sextet led by the promising young tenor saxman, Archie Shepp. One of Shepp's most ardent fans is Negro Playwright LeRoi Jones, who says that Shepp expresses the "weight of black" in his playing. This is best heard in Shepp's own composition, an emotionally shredding piece with the long, explicit title: *Rattus (tissue, his face at last to the wind then his neck snapped)*.

JOHN LEWIS: ESSENCE (Atlantic). Lewis' skipping piano lightly stitches together these six pieces by Gary McFarland, while behind him three different big bands put harmonies through a kaleidoscope or separate briefly into solo voices that dab in contrasting spots of color.

DAVE BRUBECK: JAZZ IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK (Columbia). Brubeck has taken to writing postcard jazz, as in his *Jazz Impressions of Eurasia* and *Jazz Impressions of Japan*. The New York set has the most authentic, sound—crisp, sophisticated and as nervously up-tempo as a taxi meter. Originally composed by Brubeck for a TV show, *Mr. Broadway*, the themes are pulled apart and reassembled by his able quartet, with Paul Desmond's warm alto



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to the executive of a growth company (one that intends to keep growing)



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sax sharing solo honors with Brubeck's cool keyboard.

ERIC DOLPHY AND BOOKER LITTLE: MEMORIAL ALBUM (Prestige). Little died at 23, in New York in 1961; Dolphy at 36 on tour last summer in Berlin. Both were at the forefront (which is to say, the small end of jazz), but Dolphy especially was beginning to win friends and influence polls. Dolphy plays bass clarinet and alto sax, and Little his trumpet, in these long, dissonant, freeform and sometimes incoherent compositions they favored, painfully alive with piercing runs and relentless drumming.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG: IN THE '30s/IN THE '40s (RCA Victor). Jazz today is so often raw and anguished or polished and gutless that it is a joy to take a holiday into yesterday and hear Satchmo having a ball. *Sweet Sue* and *I've Got the World on a String* are two of the early pieces, recorded in 1933 with an eleven-man band. The selections from the '40s run to exuberant blues, with Jack Teagarden joining the band for *Before Long* and the *Jack-Armstrong Blues*.

CINEMA

THE SOUND OF MUSIC. This Richard Rodgers-Oscar Hammerstein musical about the Trapp Family Singers who fled Austria after the *Anschluss* of 1938 has more sugar than spice, but a buoyant performance by Julie Andrews makes the show seem irresistibly *gemütlich*.

RED DESERT. Against a bleak industrial landscape near Ravenna, Italy's Michelangelo Antonioni (*L'Avventura*, *La Notte*) explores the neurotic problems of a young wife (Monica Vitti) and, frame by frame, fills his first color film with precisely shaded insights and breathtaking beauty.

HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE. Jack Lemmon wakes up married to a girl in a million (Italian Import Virna Lisi) and tries to choose between hearthside and homicide while his woman-hating manservant (Terry-Thomas) offers hilarious household hints.

NOTHING BUT A MAN. What it means to be born black in America is set forth with power and poignancy in a straightforward drama about Negro newlyweds (Abbey Lincoln, Ivan Dixon) struggling to find their place in the white man's world.

JOY HOUSE. Along the Riviera, Director René Clément (*Purple Noon*) masterminds a sometimes merry, sometimes scary chase involving a professional Romeo (Alain Delon) who is pursued by killers and by a high-spirited vamp (Jane Fonda) who prefers to take him alive.

MARRIAGE—ITALIAN STYLE. Tears, belly laughs and earthy morality are shrewdly blended by Director Vittorio De Sica, turning for his theme to the 20-year sex battle between a Neapolitan pastryman (Marcello Mastroianni) and a triumphant tart (Sophia Loren).

THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG. In this sad but sparkling French musical, Director Jacques Demy heaves a sigh for every sweet young thing who ever traded her first careless rapture for a bit of tangible security.

ZORBA THE GREEK. An uproarious Bachchanian bash out of Nikos Kazantzakis' novel, superbly acted by Anthony Quinn as the wild old goat whose life is a series of total disasters.

GOLDFINGER. To save the gold at Fort Knox, James Bond (Sean Connery) endures sex, sadism, and other line-of-duty

disturbances—all the while impeccably tailored, of course.

SEANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON. A throat-drying English thriller, built around Kim Stanley's subtly menacing performance as a deranged medium whose "voices" tell her to kidnap a child.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE GOLD OF THE RIVER SEA, by Charlton Ogburn. In the framework of an exciting adventure novel, Author Ogburn (*The Marauders*) shows himself to be a richly talented recorder of the beauty and savagery of the Amazon and the jungles of Brazil.

PRETTY TALES FOR TIRED PEOPLE, by Martha Gellhorn. The three stories are set in the weary world of Continental society, where people manipulate friends as well as cards to slake their boredom. In each story there is a loser, and in the collapse of his flimsy designs is the germ of a less frantic, more satisfying life.

THE NEGRO COWBOYS, by Philip Durham and Everett L. Jones. Despite endless writings about the Old West, scholarly historians and pulp novelists alike have ignored the fact that Negro cowboys rode in most of the drives from Texas to the cattle markets, and were respected, liked, and paid on a basis of wits and skill rather than color. An overdue addition to Americana.

THE ORDWAYS, by William Humphrey. In fine Southern rhetoric, Author Humphrey tells of the Ordways, who made it on foot from Tennessee to East Texas, and whose children recount a comic oral history of their journey and its fruits.

HAKLUIT'S VOYAGES, edited by Irwin Blacker. The highlights of Richard Hakluyt's amazing compendium of travel diaries, letters and essays, all of which eloquently chronicle Elizabethan England's rise from seagirt obscurity to world power.

MERIWETHER LEWIS, by Richard Dillon. The lively tale of the explorer who charted the American frontier but died in alcoholism a few years after his triumph.

THE WHITSUN WEDDINGS, by Philip Larkin. Crystalline images and insights are distilled from commonplace circumstances by the reticent librarian whose spare, introspective lines have won him a reputation as Britain's finest contemporary poet.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Herzog*, Bellow (1 last week)
2. *Funeral in Berlin*, Deighton (2)
3. *Hurry Sundown*, Gilden (4)
4. *Hotel*, Hailey (8)
5. *The Man, Wallace* (3)
6. *Up the Down Staircase*, Kaufman (9)
7. *A Covenant with Death*, Becker
8. *The Legend of the Seventh Virgin*, Holt (7)
9. *The Horse Knows the Way*, O'Hara (6)
10. *The Ordways*, Humphrey

NONFICTION

1. *Markings*, Hammarskjöld (1)
2. *The Founding Father*, Whalen (2)
3. *Queen Victoria*, Longford (3)
4. *Reminiscences*, MacArthur (5)
5. *The Italians*, Harzini (4)
6. *My Shadow Run Fast*, Sands (8)
7. *Life with Picasso*, Gilot and Lake (9)
8. *Sixpence in Her Shoe*, McGinley (7)
9. *Strogutzky*, Zolotov (10)
10. *How to Be a Jewish Mother*, Greenburg

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would disappear. Poor St. Paul. He has been taken out of context so often, he must wish he had never written a word.

SONIA F. NABIESZKO

North Bay, Ontario

Sir: Your reporting on the new morality shows more sensitivity to what is at stake than some professional moralists. Many, if not most of us who study religious ethics would rather see efforts directed toward the development of new norms than expended in tilting at old legalisms. Perhaps the most loving course of action would be for the churches to sponsor frank discussion among parents and teenagers, with the goal of reaching agreement on appropriate standards for sexual behavior.

A self-imposed discipline, backed by peers, holds more promise for bringing order and perspective to those passionate moments in the back seat than either the old authoritarianism or the new morality.

RICHARD E. FRENCH

Auburndale, Mass.

Sir: The proper function of religion is to lead. Coffin and his crew are followers of fads.

(THE REV.) JOHN D. GALL

Norwalk, Conn.

Sir: I wonder if Screwtape is smacking his lips in anticipation of Ramsey's, Coffin's and Fletcher's souls.

(MRS.) MARTHA DAUM

Media, Pa.

Long Live the King

Sir: Re the death of Nat King Cole [Feb. 26], it is just possible that the Nobel Peace Prize was given to the wrong King.

FLORENCE WESOLOWSKI

Warren, Mich.

Dustless Obits

Sir: In your Jan. 29 issue, you said that "the Post-Dispatch obituary on former Mayor Bernard Dickmann, now 76, has gathered dust for 30 years." With due respect to Mayor Dickmann, who is good for another 76 years, we have to update his obituary every few years. (Some colleges call them "vitas" instead of "obits," because the subjects are still very much alive.) Our file copy is rewritten at some length in 1952, revised in 1957, revised again in September 1962, and put on tape in December 1964. So a rolling vita at the St. Louis Post-Dispatch gathers no dust.

ROY T. KING

Head, Reference Department
St. Louis Post-Dispatch
St. Louis

Casement's Zola

Sir: Shame on TIME. To omit Conan Doyle from the Casement case [March 5] is to omit Zola from the Dreyfus affair. The contribution of Pacifist G. B. Shaw was a rat's squeak compared to a lion's roar. The Irish nation has always paid tribute to my father as the one public man who sacrificed his own interests at attempting to save Casement's life.

ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE

Geneva

Winsome Is as Winsome Does

Sir: When an old-fashioned, square picture like *Lord Jim* [March 5] comes along, there is inevitably flippant mention of winsome, blue-eyed, boyish sailors and clean-cut profiles, with jazzy little phrases

like "accident-prone." Conrad's story wasn't easy to film, but I'm sure that the picture will recede to many accident-prone sailors, of varying winsomeness and profiles but tangled up in honor and all that, that we were briefly "a tiny white speck that seemed to catch all the light left in a darkened world" and then went out.

W. J. WHITESIDE

Rear Admiral, U.S.N. (ret.)
New York City

Two-Year Colleges

Sir: The importance of the two-year college in American culture has finally been brought to the attention of the public through your article [March 5]. It would be well to have your story made compulsory reading in senior high schools and colleges across the land.

JAMES R. KASENOW

Western Michigan University
Kalamazoo

Sir: You mention those "educators" who deplore moves by some junior colleges to become "second-rate four-year colleges." Our system of higher education today has created a situation that demands more second-rate four-year colleges to meet the needs of all those college-bound secondary high school graduates.

DAVID W. FLUKE

Sussex, N.J.

Tiny Paradise

Sir: "In this game of dominoes, the key piece was a tiny hamlet named Bongson [March 12], which in Vietnamese means 'paradise.'" How did your editors let that tautology get by? Did they ever hear of a large hamlet?

FREDERIC BABCOCK

Winter Park, Fla.

Indeed, *By strict definition, and still-accepted English usage, a hamlet is a village without a church, just as a town cannot be a city unless it has a cathedral—regardless of size.*

Huedunit

Sir: There are other ways to explain the names of the different systems for the transmission of color television [March 5]: the American NTSC: Never Twice the Same Color; the German PAL: Play and Learn; the French SECAM: *Système Évolué Contre les Arlequins*.

ELKE JAGER

Findhoven, The Netherlands

Potpourri

Sir: Your March 12 issue was just the right mix of pot, moonshine and geology.

GEORGE D. KETTEL

Rochester

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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We thought we knew it all. Then we discovered Machu Picchu.



We had combed palaces of Persian kings. We had walked through tombs and temples and spired castles. We were ready for something new in lost kingdoms.

Then, one night last January, a couple of archeologists spun us a tale of a mountaintop city built by the Incas 500 years before the Conquistadores.

The place is Machu Picchu and it wasn't long before we were flying down to South America to find it.

A Panagra Jet took us to Lima, and from there we flew to Cuzco, where we embarked on a three-hour zigzag by bus-train along the rushing Urubamba River and 2000 feet up through the clouds to Machu Picchu.

A majestic city walled in by kings, Machu Picchu bears no sign of strife. With a little imagination, you can stand at the perimeter of the city and conjure up images of sharp-eyed Inca warriors peering down at the Conquistadores scurrying below for gold, never dreaming the prize of Machu Picchu lay high above them.

Machu Picchu was never captured, never plundered, yet some time between the days of the Conquistadores and our own, everyone in the city disappeared. Where they went and why is a mystery that haunts you all through the ruins.

For us, this is the most spectacular sight in all

the Western Hemisphere. And, if there are any challengers to that statement, they're in South America, too.

Lake Titicaca (between Bolivia and Peru) is the highest navigable lake in the world. Argentina's Iguassú Falls dwarfs Niagara. For sheer size and beauty, there's the Amazon. And, for luxury, there's Punta del Este, Viña del Mar and scores of other resorts.

So it goes (and we went with it) down one coast from Lima to Santiago, then over to Buenos Aires—all with Panagra. Then up the other coast through Montevideo, Asunción, São Paulo, Rio, Brasília and Caracas—all with Pan Am. Wish we could do it all again.

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TIME, MARCH 19, 1965

In the first issue, 42 years ago this month, *TIME* noted that the 25th annual convention of the Negro National Educational Congress was about to begin in Washington. It is rather a matter of pride with us that since that first story, we have devoted intense effort to studying, reporting on and analyzing the American Negro's struggle for equality. This week's is the 14th cover story on civil rights since 1953, the year when arguments on the historic school integration case came to a close before the Supreme Court.

This series of covers devoted to searching inquiries into the many aspects of the civil rights crisis—as seen from the North, the South and the middle—has included such subjects as Chief Justice Earl Warren (1953), Civil Rights Advocate Thurgood Marshall (1955), U.S. Attorney General Herbert Brownell (1957), Arkansas Governor Orval Faubus (1957), Alabama Governor John Patterson (1961), Author James Baldwin (1963), The N.A.A.C.P.'s Roy Wilkins (1963), Alabama Governor George Wallace (1963), Senator Everett Dirksen (1964) and Nobel Prize-winning Novelist William Faulkner (1964).

Martin Luther King was first quoted in TIME in 1956 (March 5), when he was leading the boycott ("This is a struggle between justice and injustice") that eventually ended bus segregation in Montgomery, Ala. This is his third appearance on the cover—the first having been in 1957 (Feb. 18) and the second as our Man of the Year on the first issue of 1964. That choice and story brought us 2,500 letters, more than half of

them criticizing our judgment, but all showing the intense interest and involvement TIME readers feel in the issue of race relations.

When the news from Alabama—and from all around the U.S.—made Martin Luther King the cover subject for this issue, the editors called on an artist who was particularly appropriate for the assignment. Ben Shahn¹ is as famed in his own medium of protest as King is in his. Lately he has been contributing posters and lithographs to various civil rights groups. Working from photographs and his own impressions, he turned out his striking gouache study in just eight



FEB. 18, 1957



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hours of work, after many hours of thought. He saw his subject mainly as an orator. "This is King today," he said. "He isn't as placid as he was a year ago. I admire the man immensely. He has moved more people by his oratory than anyone else I can think of."

— This is his sixth cover for *TIME*. The others: André Malraux, Sigmund Freud, Alec Guinness, Adlai Stevenson and Lenin.

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...10



...8



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...3



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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

March 19, 1965

Vol. 85, No. 12

THE NATION

CIVIL RIGHTS

The Central Point

[See Cover]

Despite great gains in the past decade, the American Negro is still often denied the most basic right of citizenship under constitutional government—the right to vote.

Last week the Negro's struggle to achieve that right exploded into an orgy of police brutality, of clubs and whips and tear gas, of murder, of protests and parades and sit-ins in scores of U.S. cities and in the White House itself. It was a week in which the potential for further violence was so great that President Johnson signed an order that would have dispatched federal troops to Alabama on a moment's notice. It was a week of intense pressures and back-room dealings, of quick emotionalism and easily achieved righteousness. And it was a very trying week for the foremost leader of the civil rights movement, the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.

Amid the controversy and chaos, it was easy to lose sight of the central point: voting rights. But that was what Selma, Alabama, was all about.

The Bullyboy. Selma is a city of 29,500 people—14,400 whites, 15,100 Negroes. Its voting rolls are 99% white, 1% Negro. More than a city, Selma is a state of mind. "Selma," says a guidebook on Alabama, "is like an old-fashioned gentlewoman, proud and patrician, but never unfriendly." In Selma, Negroes are supposed to know their place. A Selma ordinance of 1852 declared that "any Negro found upon the streets of the city smoking a cigar or pipe or carrying a walking cane must be on conviction punished with 39 lashes"—and the place has not changed much since. Generations-old Greek Revival homes grace the white residential district; the Hotel Albert, built with slave labor and patterned after the Doge's Palace in Venice, is a first-rate inn. But the symbol of Selma is Sheriff James Clark, 43, a bully-boy segregationist who leads a club-swinging, mounted posse of deputy volunteers, many of them Ku Klux Klansmen.

It was in Selma, four years ago, that the Federal Government filed its first voting-rights suit. Other civil rights suits have been filed since, four of them directed at Sheriff Clark personally; but court processes are slow, and Selma Negroes remain unregistered.

Since the desire to dramatize the Negro plight goes hand in hand with the more substantive drive to achieve equal rights, Selma seemed a natural target to Martin Luther King. The city's civil rights record was awful. There was Clark, the perfect public villain. There, too, was Mayor Joe T. Smitherman, 35, an erstwhile appliance dealer, an all-out segregationist, and a close friend of Alabama's racist Democratic Governor George Wallace.

Thus, two months ago, King zeroed in on Selma. A magnetic leader and a spellbinding orator, he rounded up hundreds of Negroes at a time, led them on marches to the county courthouse

to register to vote. Always, Clark awaited them, either turning them away or arresting them for contempt of court, truancy, juvenile delinquency and parading without a permit. Those who actually reached the registrars were required to file complicated applications and take incredibly difficult "literacy" tests that few if any could pass. Several times the drive faltered—but each time Clark revived it by committing some new outrage.

The First Martyr. In seven weeks, Clark jailed no fewer than 2,000 men, women and children, including King, who dramatized the situation by refusing to make bond for four days. Still the Negroes came, singing "We shall overcome." In reply, Sheriff Clark pinned a button on his shirt reading "Never!" The city's mood grew ever uglier. Business in town fell off by 50%. From Governor Wallace there came no pleas for peace; he merely ordered new platoons of state cops to Selma and environs.

Then, one night in nearby Marion, 50 state troopers and a band of rednecks routed 400 Negro demonstrators. In the fight, a young woodcutter named Jimmie Lee Jackson was shot in the stomach; he died eight days later, after declaring that a state trooper had gunned him.

Selma's Negroes had a martyr, and King called for a march from Selma to the state capital at Montgomery, 50 miles away. "I can't promise you that it won't get you beaten," cried King to his followers. "I can't promise you that it won't get your house bombed. I can't promise you won't get scarred up a bit. But we must stand up for what is right!" King planned to lead the march himself, but at the last minute was persuaded by aides to stay at his Atlanta headquarters for his safety's sake.

Hard Hats & Gas Masks. The march took place on the afternoon of Sunday, March 7. Ignoring an order from Governor Wallace forbidding the march, 650 Negroes and a few whites assembled at the Brown Chapel African Methodist Episcopal Church on Selma's Sylvan Street. Leading them were John Lewis, militant



SELMA: OUTSIDE BROWN CHAPEL
Less a city than a state of mind.

head of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (S.N.C.C.), and Hosea Williams, an official of King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Two abreast, many of them laden with bedrolls and knapsacks, the Negroes filed through the back streets of Selma, turned onto Broad Street, and headed for the Edmund Pettus Bridge, which crosses the Alabama River.

On U.S. Highway 80, 400 yards beyond the bridge, was a phalanx of 60 state cops, headed by Colonel Al Lingo, an old crony of George Wallace's and a segregationist of the Governor's own stripe. The troopers stood three-deep across all four lanes of the highway. They wore dark blue shirts, sky-blue hard hats, carried billy clubs, sidearms and gas masks. On the sidelines were Sheriff Clark's possemen, both on horseback and afoot, ready, willing and eager for trouble.

When the Negro columns came within 100 yards, a state police officer ordered the troopers to put on their gas masks. At 25 yards, the Negroes halted. State Police Major John Cloud barked through a bullhorn: "Turn around and go back to your church! You will not be allowed to march any further! You've got two minutes to disperse!"

The two minutes ticked by as the masked troopers stood in stony suspension, feet spread, arms down, holding their clubs at both ends. The Negroes stared at them somberly. Then Major Cloud gave the order: "Troopers—forward!" The patrolmen moved in a solid wall, pushing back the Negroes. The marchers in front began to stumble and fall, and a few troopers tripped.

Smoke & Blood. Suddenly the clubs started swinging. From the sidelines, white townspeople raised their voices in cheers and whoops. Joined now by the possemen and deputies, the patrolmen waded into the screaming mob. The marchers retreated for 75 yards, stopped to catch their breath. Still the troopers advanced. Now came the sound of canisters being fired. A Negro screamed: "Tear gas!" Within seconds the highway was swirling with white and yellow clouds of smoke, raging with the cries of men. Choking, bleeding,

the Negroes fled in all directions while the whites pursued them. The mounted men uncoiled bull whips and lashed out viciously as the horses' hoofs trampled the fallen. "O.K., nigger!" snarled a posseman, flailing away at a running Negro woman. "You wanted to march—now march!"

"Please! No!" begged a Negro as a cop flailed away with his club. "My God, we're being killed!" cried another. The Negroes staggered across the bridge and made for the church, chased by the sheriff's deputies and the horsemen. Many Negroes picked up cans and rocks and hurled them at the police. As the deputies crowded in, they were stopped by Selma's Public Safety Director Wilson Baker, a bitter enemy of Clark's who has done his thankless best to keep peace in the city. Said Baker to Clark: "Sheriff, keep your men back!" Replied Clark: "Everything will be all right. I've already waited a month too damn long!"

Off the Streets. But Clark did, however grudgingly, disperse his men. Thereafter they amused themselves by staking along the downtown streets, heating on the hoods of Negroes' cars and ordering "Get the hell out of town. We want all niggers off the streets." Reported the Selma Times-Journal next day: "Thirty minutes after the marchers' encounter with the troopers, a Negro could not be seen walking the streets." All told, 78 Negroes required hospital treatment for injuries.

Rarely in history has public opinion reacted so spontaneously and with such fury. In Detroit, Mayor Jerome Cavanagh and Michigan's Governor George Romney led a protest parade of 10,000 people. In Chicago, demonstrators blocked rush-hour traffic in the Loop. Nearly 2,000 people marched in Toronto, 1,000 in Union, N.J., 1,000 in Washington. In California and Wisconsin, in Connecticut and New York, citizens streamed onto the streets to express their rage.

President Johnson publicly declared that he "deplored the brutality" in Selma—and urged Selma's opposing sides to cool down. And in Atlanta, Martin Luther King announced that as a "matter of conscience and in an attempt

to arouse the deepest concern of the nation," he was "compelled" to lead another march from Selma to Montgomery. He called it for Tuesday, March 9.

"Chargel!" The response was phenomenal. In city after city, white clergymen dropped what they were doing and headed for the nearest airport. In Indianapolis, A. Garrett Day Jr., an official of the Disciples of Christ, was about to emplane for New York when he heard that King was calling for help. Day walked back into the terminal, bought a ticket for Alabama. Also in Indianapolis, Jewish Mission Worker David Goldstein had an appointment to seek a salary raise from his boss; he canceled it and headed for Selma. California's Episcopal Bishop James Pike interrupted a trip to New Orleans and flew into Alabama. Methodist Bishop John Wesley Lord, vice president of the National Council of Churches, came from Washington, D.C.; so did Msgr. George L. Gingras of the Roman Catholic archdiocese in the capital, and Rabbi Richard G. Hirsch of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. University of Chicago Divinity School Instructor Jay Wilcoxon arrived home to find that his wife had taken it upon herself to get him a plane reservation. Eight other Chicago faculty members caught the first plane south: two came from Yale's divinity school and at least one from Harvard's. In nearby Roxbury, the Rev. James J. Reeb, whose work was largely with impoverished Negroes, decided that he, too, had to go.

In all, more than 400 white churchmen sped to Selma. Many turned up without so much as a toothbrush or a change of socks, and few had any idea of where they would stay. Some seemed to think it was all something of a lark. Said one clergyman to a colleague as he stepped off the plane in Montgomery: "Fix bayonets! Charge!" Also on hand were secular crusaders, including Mrs. Paul Douglas, wife of Illinois' Democratic Senator, Mrs. Harold Ickes, widow of Franklin Roosevelt's Interior



MARTIN LUTHER KING ADDRESSING DEMONSTRATORS IN SUCCESSIVE CRISES
From dilemma to near defeat, racists were the unwitting rescuers.



ALABAMA TROOPERS ATTACK SUNDAY MARCHERS
From Montgomery there was only silence—and more troops.

Secretary, and Mrs. Charles Tobey, widow of the former Republican Senator from New Hampshire.

Head It Off. Colonel Al Lingo was in Selma too—this time with 500 state troopers, leaving only about 250 to attend to the rest of Alabama's law-enforcement requirements. FBI agents drifted unobtrusively into town. Straw-bossing federal activities was John Doar, Assistant U.S. Attorney General in charge of civil rights. As a personal mediator sent by President Johnson came LeRoy Collins, onetime Democratic Governor of Florida, now chairman of the Community Relations Service, which was established under the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Collins' orders from Johnson were to head off trouble at all costs. He succeeded, for the time being. But in the arrangements to secure peace, it turned out that a lot of the principals' egos were bigger than their principles.

What became essentially a charade started at 4:30 on Monday afternoon. Four attorneys for Martin Luther King appeared in the Montgomery office of U.S. District Judge Frank M. Johnson Jr. They wanted him to issue an injunction to keep state and Dallas County police from interfering with the Tuesday march.

Johnson, 46, is a tough-minded jurist and a native Alabamian who attended a state university with George Wallace. The two were once friendly, but have long since fallen out—mostly over civil rights. Wallace, in fact, once referred obliquely to Judge Johnson without actually naming him as an "integrating, scalawagging, carpetbagging liar."

Johnson told the lawyers that he would have to hear evidence on their petition, and scheduled a hearing for Thursday, the first available date. Until the matter was settled, Johnson advised, King should call off the Tuesday march. At 9 o'clock that night, the attorneys

called the judge to say that King agreed.

That very night, in the home of a Negro dentist in Selma, King was undergoing intense pressures and conflicts. His instinct was to go along with Judge Johnson and postpone the march. He was fearful of provoking another savage onslaught by state troopers and Sheriff Clark's men. But he was also smarting under criticism for having absented himself from the Sunday march. And he felt an obligation to the out-of-state clergymen and others who had come to march.

During the strategy session, telephone calls were received from U.S. Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach, urging King to postpone; Katzenbach promised that Government attorneys would help plead King's case before Judge Johnson on Thursday. Finally King came to a half-a-loaf decision: the march to Montgomery would start, but he would stop it before trouble developed.

Early next morning, King's attorneys again appeared before Judge Johnson, announced King's decision. Without another word, Johnson dictated an order enjoining the marchers until after the Thursday hearing. This placed King in an even deeper dilemma: his entire civil rights success has been based on upholding the law of the land and fighting for its observance. Now, if he marched, he would be doing so in direct defiance of a federal court order.

Mopping the Route. Mediator LeRoy Collins provided an answer—of sorts. He had conferred with Selma's Mayor Smitherman, with Top Trooper Al Lingo and Sheriff Clark. They were willing to let the civil rights marchers cross the bridge to the point on Highway 80 where the Sunday march ended in disaster. Then the troopers would turn King and his followers back—and King would leave peaceably. Lingo even drew a rough map of the route that the march-

ers would be permitted to take. Collins, in turn, showed the map to King, who reluctantly fell in with the plan.

While all these negotiations were going on, the would-be marchers—1,500 strong—congregated in and around the Brown Chapel. Despite the federal court order, sentiment was strongly in favor of marching. A white minister arose to declare: "No matter what happens, we can never get away from Selma, Alabama, again—never!" Princeton University's Religion Professor Malcolm Diamond announced that he would march, quoted Federal Judge Thurgood Marshall, a Negro, as once having said, "I am not denying the sovereignty of my country. I am making witness within the framework of the law of my country."

A Time to Choose. Mrs. Paul Douglas suggested that "it seems if we wait two more days we are losing a great deal of public support." A Roman Catholic priest from Baltimore declared that "it's about time we walked that last mile." Said Springfield, N.J., Rabbi Israel Dresner: "There is a higher law in God's universe and that is God's law. There is a time when man must choose between man's law and God's law." George Docherty, pastor of Washington's New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, took the floor. "I'm here for three reasons," said he. "One, I think the fundamentals of the Christian church are at stake in this hour. Someone said this is the largest gathering of ministers since the Council of Trent, I'd venture to say it is also just as important. We differ in the way we interpret the Scripture. But at this moment the church is being challenged." Second, "the Constitution of the United States is at stake here. Three, we are in the midst of a revolution regarding human rights. Sunday evening my wife and I watched TV and saw those ghastly scenes—our stomachs turned."

Only a few argued against marching. One was Alabamian Charles Reynolds,

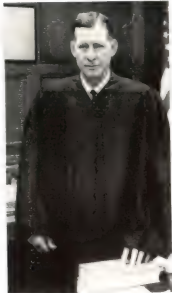
a graduate student in ethics at Harvard, who explained that "the civil rights movement owes its life and accomplishments to the good will of the Government of the United States. If it were the truth that there were no hope for the civil rights movement in Federal Government, there might be reason to go against it. For us to march because we are here is not correct."

To the Bridge. Finally, Martin Luther King arrived, having committed himself to the deal proposed by Collins and approved by Smitherman, Lingo and Clark. His unsuspecting listeners settled into a respectful hush as he spoke of his "painful and difficult decision." Said King with great emotion: "I have made my choice. I have got to march. I do not know what lies ahead of us. There may be beatings, jailines, tear gas. But I would rather die on the highways of Alabama than make a butchery of my conscience! There is nothing more tragic in all this world than to know right and not do it. I cannot stand in the midst of all these glaring evils and not take a stand. There is no alternative in conscience or in the name of morality."

Half an hour later, the march began. Down Sylvan Street they trooped. At Water Avenue they turned right and followed the road to the bridge. In the front rank marched four young S.N.C.C. workers, solemn and purposeful. Behind them, arms linked, were King and his brother, the Rev. A.D. William King, James Farmer, head of the Congress of Racial Equality, and others.

At the foot of the bridge, a U.S. marshal sent by Judge Johnson stopped the march, read portions of Johnson's court order. King responded with a brief statement about his moral commitment. The marshal stepped aside, and the march continued.

On the Altar. In his Washington office, Attorney General Katzenbach, shirt sleeves rolled up, studied an en-



FEDERAL JUDGE JOHNSON
A tough-minded decision.

larged map of Selma. Two telephone lines, fed into an office squawk box, echoed with brisk reports from Aide John Doar on the scene. At 3:56 p.m., Katzenbach phoned Presidential Aide Bill Moyers at the White House. "We're right at the critical moment," said he. "I'll keep you posted."

Doar's voice came over the squawk box: "They were allowed to go over the bridge. Dr. King is there, and several elderly ladies. They're over the bridge. They have halted..."

So they had. Confronted by the police barrier, King stopped the procession as planned. Troop Major John Cloud raised his bullhorn and said: "I ask you to stop this march. You will not continue—you are ordered to stop and stand where you are." King asked Cloud if it was all right to "have some of the great religious leaders of our nation lead us in prayer." When permission was granted, King motioned to his longtime friend, the Rev. Ralph Abernathy. As hundreds in the parade knelt in the sunlight, Abernathy intoned: "We come to present our bodies as a living sacrifice. We don't have much to offer, but we do have our bodies, and we lay them on the altar today." Other prayers followed, and when they were over, Cloud turned to his troopers and ordered: "Clear the road completely—move out!" With that, the troopers moved to the sides of the highway, leaving the way to Montgomery wide open.

Walking Back. This was a calculated attempt to embarrass King, who according to the script, was supposed to turn back only because he had been confronted by adamant police power. But King did not rise to the bait. And in Washington, Katzenbach heard Doar's voice: "King is walking back this way. He's asking the marchers to

turn back." Katzenbach called the White House and said: "King has turned around." Katzenbach next talked to LeRoy Collins in Selma and phoned the White House again. "It looks very good," he said with obvious relief. "More like the March on Washington than anything. They're going back to the church. John Doar feels this will take away a lot of the bad taste of the brutality on Sunday. It looks O.K. for the moment."

Back at the church, King tried to see victory in the day's work. "At least," he told his people, "we had to get to the point where the brutality took place. And we made it clear when we got there that we were going to have some form of protest and worship. I can assure you that something happened in Alabama that's never happened before. When Negroes and whites can stand on Highway 80 and have a mass meeting, things aren't that bad."

Murder at the Silver Moon. But the fact was that Tuesday's events had so far added up to a distinct setback for Martin Luther King and the civil rights strategy that he espoused. And once again, it took white racists in their blind ferocity to come to the rescue.

Tuesday night three white clergymen dined at a Negro restaurant in Selma. One of them was the Rev. James Reeb. Reeb, who was born in Casper, Wyo., was ordained a Presbyterian minister but converted to Unitarianism in 1959. A slight, energetic, hard-working man, father of four children, Reeb worked for four years at All Souls' Church in Washington, D.C., but he found parish work too limiting. "He had a great love for people and their needs," says a colleague, the Rev. William A. Wendt. "He could not have cared less about whether they were going to heaven. He cared where they were going now."

Last year Reeb gave up his Washington duties and took a job with the



SHERIFF CLARK & LeROY COLLINS
A half-a-loaf deal.



TOP TROOPER LINGO
An unconditional disaster.

American Friends Service Committee in Boston, where he directed the group's low-income housing project, bought a rundown house in Boston's Negro ghetto of Roxbury, sent his children to the local school, where most pupils were Negroes.

Leaving the Negro restaurant in Selma, Reeb and the two other clergymen walked past a scruffy whites-only restaurant, the Silver Moon Café. At least four white men came toward them. One called, "Hey, nigger!" Another smashed Reeb on the temple with a club. The hooligans jumped the ministers and beat them mercilessly. From inside the Silver Moon, customers could see the fight—but not one lifted a hand to help. Reeb's friends dragged themselves to their feet, stumbled for 2 1/2 blocks before they found help. As they sped toward Birmingham, their ambulance got a flat; they had to wait for another ambulance to pick them up.

For two days Reeb hovered near death in the hospital. Twice his heart stopped, and twice doctors managed to start it beating again. But Reeb never recovered from his coma.

His wife was at his bedside when he died. President and Mrs. Johnson and Vice President Humphrey spoke to her on the phone. The President sent flowers, dispatched a jet plane to return Mrs. Reeb and her father-in-law to Boston. Within two days, local lawmen had arrested four men, William Hoggie, 36, and his brother O'Neal, 31, R. B. Kelly, 30, and Elmer Cook, 41. Cook, for one, had an impressive police record: 25 arrests, 17 of which were on assault charges.

Protests. At Reeb's death, telegraph wires burned across the country with expressions of outrage. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. was "appalled." The American Jewish Committee protested the "shameful exhibition of brutality." The United Steelworkers Union wired Governor Wallace, accusing him and his "storm troopers" of cold violence.

North Dakota's Democratic Governor William Guv sent Wallace a telegram criticizing the "white conscience" of Alabama. Pianist Byron Janis protested by canceling a scheduled concert recital in Mobile. In city after city, civil rights groups mounted protest demonstrations. In Selma, the Negroes stood in night-long vigils under the wary eyes of police. Selma's Negroes and a growing number of white ministers—and even several white Roman Catholic nuns from St. Louis—demonstrated, but they were kept in check, without resort to passion or clubs, by Public Safety Director Baker.

In Washington Congressmen from all sections of the nation expressed their anger, though only one Southerner did so publicly. "I abhor this brutality," cried Texas Democratic Senator Ralph Yarborough. "Shame on you, George Wallace, for the wet ropes that bruised the muscles, for the bullwhips that cut the flesh, for the clubs that broke the



ABERNATHY LEADS PRAYER AT END OF TUESDAY MARCH
"Our bodies as a living sacrifice."

bones, for the tear gas that blinded, burned and choked into insensibility!"

Concerned. The protests flowed like molten lava to Washington. To his dismay, Nicholas Katzenbach found a troop of twelve Negro and white demonstrators parked in the corridor near his office, demanding that he send federal troops to Alabama. Katzenbach talked with them, tried to explain how the Federal Government works through the courts. He got nowhere, permitted the sit-ins to remain till closing time, then had them evicted.

President Johnson was also besieged by calls, telegrams, visiting delegations—and, at one point, by a group of twelve civil rights protesters, who started on a regular White House tour, then plopped down in a ground-floor corridor and refused to budge. At the time,

Johnson was playing host to a delegation of Negro newspaper editors. He was, said one editor later, "concerned, perturbed, and frustrated."

The President asked the editors' advice. J. S. Nathaniel Tross, publisher of the Charlotte, N.C., Post, suggested that Lyndon was "obliged to maintain the dignity, prestige and regnancy of the presidency." By no means, added Tross, should the President "prostitute his dignity" to discuss matters personally with the sit-ins. That was all Lyndon wanted to hear. Shortly thereafter, White House guards hauled the sit-ins off to jail. Orders from Johnson followed instantly: from now on, any such demonstrators were to be tossed out without any ado.

Try Harder. In Montgomery, lawyers met in Judge Johnson's courtroom to thresh out the claims and counter-claims that had bedeviled the week. Hosea Williams testified that on Sunday he had heard Sheriff Clark shouting to his deputies: "Go get them niggers—go get them goddam niggers!" Questioned closely about the charges that bullwhips were used, Williams said that he saw five or six possemen with the whips. Did he know what a bullwhip was? Replied Williams: "I'm a country boy. I know what a bullwhip is."

Selma Lawyer W. McLean Pitts, attorney for Sheriff Clark, demanded that the court cite Martin Luther King for contempt. The judge leveled a cold eye at Attorney Pitts, explained with asperity that contempt is a matter for the court to decide.

Questioning Negro witnesses, Pitts was aggressive to the point that N.A.A.C.P. Lawyer Jack Greenberg, representing King, jumped to his feet to object to Pitts' "insulting manner." Judge Johnson sustained Greenberg. "Everybody in this court, regardless of



THE REV. JAMES REEB

"He cared where they were going now."

who he or she is, will be treated with common courtesy," said he.

Pitts sputtered: "I'm trying very hard, but..."

Johnson shot back acidly: "Try a little harder."

Condemning the Robbed. On the stand, King described the events of Tuesday, when he was confronted with the federal order to postpone the march. "I was very upset," he explained. "I felt it was like condemning the robbed man for being robbed. I was disturbed. Thousands of people who had come to Selma to march were deeply aroused by the brutality of Sunday. I felt if I had not done it, pent-up emotions could have developed into an uncontrollable situation. I did it to give them an outlet. Maybe there will be some blood let in the state of Alabama before we get through, but it will be

By week's end, Johnson was convinced that a presidential statement to the nation was in order, and he determined to make the Government's position unmistakably clear. Governor Wallace, who had remained largely incommunicado during all the ruckus, suddenly surfaced—and provided the President with the perfect opportunity to clear the air. In a telegram to the President, Wallace continued the fiction that "voter registration and voting rights are not the issues," requested a meeting with Johnson at the earliest possible time.

The President replied swiftly: "I will be available in my office." On Saturday morning Wallace entered the White House for a conference that lasted more than three hours. The two had what is politely called a "friendly exchange of views," but there was no doubt that

cal, state and federal elections in cases where literacy tests have been deliberately rigged to keep Negroes from voting. (Such tests are in notorious use in Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama.) All bars to voting would be abolished, except those dealing with age, residence, past conviction of a felony and evidence of mental instability. Similarly, literacy tests would be dropped; the applicant would merely be required to be able to read a simple voting application and to fill it in.

"It Is Wrong." Continued the President: "It is wrong to do violence to peaceful citizens in the streets of their town. It is wrong to deny Americans the right to vote. It is wrong to deny any person full equality because of the color of his skin. The promise of America is a simple promise: Every person shall share in the blessings of this land, and they shall share on the basis of their merits as a person. They shall not be judged by their color or by their beliefs, or by their religion, or by where they were born or the neighborhood in which they live.

"Those who do injustice are as surely the victims of their own acts as the people that they wrong. They scar their own lives and they scar the communities in which they live. If we put aside disorder and violence, if we put aside hatred and lawlessness, we can provide for all our people great opportunity almost beyond our imagination."

Then Johnson spoke of his conversation with Wallace. "I advised the Governor of my intention to press with all the vigor at my command to assure that every citizen of this country is given the right to participate in his Government at every level through the complete voting process. We are a nation that is governed by laws, and our procedure for enacting and amending and repealing these laws must prevail. I told the Governor that we believe in maintaining law and order in every county and in every precinct in this land. If state and local authorities are unable to function, the Federal Government will completely meet its responsibilities.

"I told the Governor that the brutality in Selma last Sunday just must not be repeated. I urged that the Governor publicly declare his support for universal suffrage in the state of Alabama and the United States of America."

Even as the President spoke, the hearing before Judge Johnson continued with further testimony about Alabama police brutality. In Selma, other marches started and were swiftly stopped. Outside the White House, pickets blocked Pennsylvania Avenue traffic and chanted: "L.B.J., just you wait—see what happens in '68."

Obviously, the strife in Selma and other trouble spots would not be settled overnight. But President Johnson's strong yet measured words made it perfectly plain that the day was not far off when all American citizens would be equal in the polling place.



WALLACE & PRESIDENT JOHNSON
The need is for law enforcement.

our blood and not the blood of our white brothers." He had been assured by LeRoy Collins, King added, that "everything will be all right."

"Is it correct to say that when you started across the bridge," asked the judge, "you knew at that time that you did not intend to march to Montgomery?" Replied King: "Yes, it is."

"You Ought to Be Thinking." As the hearings proceeded, demands for federal action intensified. Lyndon Johnson was concerned. Meeting for four hours with a delegation of 16 civil rights and religious leaders, he rejected suggestions that he send federal troops into Selma. "Everybody talks about my reluctance to use troops in Selma," he said. "And as President, I am reluctant to use the strength of the defense establishment for such a thing. When you sit in this chair, you think three times before you say 'go.'" But he also disclosed that "in the wee hours of Tuesday morning, I signed all the necessary orders to have 700 troops get ready to move into Selma."

Johnson leaned into Wallace with no mincing of words, telling him, in effect, that the U.S. Government would brook no further interference with the constitutional rights of any of its citizens. The Negro, said Lyndon flatly, was obviously going to win his right to participate in his own Government. Consider history's verdict, added the President. "You ought to be thinking of where you will stand in 1995, not 1965."

Afterwards, Wallace emerged from the White House looking considerably sobered and shorn of his accustomed cockiness. The President went straight to a previously scheduled press conference in the Flower Garden. Never in his 16 months in office was he more in command of the situation.

This week's first order of business, said the President, would be a proposal to Congress for legislation that would guarantee every citizen's franchise. The Administration's bill provides simple machinery for appointment of federal registrars to handle registration for lo-

THE PRESIDENCY

A Bill for an Assassin

When President Kennedy was assassinated, it came as a considerable surprise to most Americans that killing a U.S. President is not a federal crime. It was because of this that Lee Harvey Oswald was handed into the clumsy clutches of the Dallas police force, which had legal jurisdiction, with disastrous results. The Warren Commission was appalled by the legal situation, wrote in its report: "It is anomalous that Congress has legislated in other ways touching upon the safety of the Chief Executive or other Federal officers without making an attack on the President a crime."

Last week President Johnson set out to correct the anomaly. He sent to Congress a bill that would make it a federal crime to kill, kidnap or assault the President, the Vice President or, if there is no Vice President, whoever stands next in the line of presidential succession. Also included would be the President-elect and Vice President-elect between their election and inauguration. The bill calls for the death sentence or life in prison for murder or kidnapping and up to 15 years in prison for assault.

Beyond that, the Attorney General would be authorized to offer a \$100,000 reward for information leading to the capture of an assassin; in any conflict over investigative jurisdiction, federal agencies would take over, and in any trial of a presidential assailant, no witnesses could plead self-incrimination to avoid testifying, although they would be immune from any prosecution resulting from the testimony.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Turndown

From the moment last fall when Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon signified his intention to resign, President Johnson has been after Donald C. Cook, 55, president of the American Electric Power Co. A former chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, Cook is a close friend; during last year's presidential campaign headed the Citizens for Johnson and Humphrey organization. But Cook decided that he did not want to become Treasury Secretary; he had already spent 16 years in public service, and he figured that was enough. There were other explanations for his reluctance: his pension would suffer; Treasury's top job pays only \$35,000 a year compared with Cook's present salary of \$135,000; his wife does not like Washington.

Cook advanced all these excuses, and more. Johnson was at his most persistent, but even his famed persuasiveness was not enough. Last week came word that Cook had finally handed him a flat refusal.

Dillon is already cleaning out his desk to leave by month's end, and three oth-

er top Treasury posts—Under Secretary, Assistant Secretary for International Affairs, and General Counsel—are also vacant. Unless Johnson appoints some money men soon, the Treasury may be virtually empty at the top during a serious period for the dollar. There is the usual flock of other nominees—all of whom privately say, "Not me!" And some White House men insist that the President has not yet given up completely on Cook.

CITIES

The Malignant Enemy

Crime in the U.S. is certainly a matter of legitimate national concern, but its punishment—and reduction—is mainly up to state and local police and prosecutors. Although the Federal Government is limited in what it can do, President Johnson last week sent Congress a message urging that the Government do more than it has done.

Calling crime "a malignant enemy in America's midst," Johnson said: "Since 1940 the crime rate in this country has doubled. It has increased five times as fast as our population since 1958. The cost of operating our police departments has risen by 50% in the last five years." Adding to that picture, the FBI last week reported that from 1963 to 1964 the number of U.S. murders rose by 9%, forcible (as opposed to statutory) rape by 19%, aggravated assault by 18%, robbery by 12%.

Said Johnson: "Our streets must be safe. Our homes and places of business must be secure." To "arrest and reverse the trend," he called for new laws that would:

- Give the Federal Government more weapons with which to root out organized crime, which the President called "an entrenched national industry." One proposal, being drafted by the Justice Department, would grant the feds jurisdiction over "juice" (usurious loans), with interest rates sometimes ranging up to 20% a week, by which sharks and syndicates have milked and bankrupted laboring men and businesses. The Administration also urged passage of a bill sent to Congress by the Justice Department that would make arson a federal offense when the arsonist crosses a state line. This was aimed at racketeers, who, according to the National Board of Fire Underwriters, are believed to have been behind 124 business fires, in which insurance totaled \$16 million, in 17 states in the past ten years.

- Tighten up controls over pill-type drugs. Last week the House passed, 402 to 0, and sent to the Senate a bill requiring that records be kept, from lab to drugstore, on sales of barbiturates ("goofballs") and amphetamines. Illicit sales of such drugs to persons under 21 could be punished by two years in prison and a \$5,000 fine, v. one year in prison and a \$1,000 fine at present. For the narcotics addict who



COPS ON STATION IN NEW YORK SUBWAY

The crime problem is now official.

peddles dope mainly to finance his habit, a civil commitment statute under preparation would provide for rehabilitation rather than incarceration.

- Halt mail-order sales of firearms to individuals (Lee Harvey Oswald got his assassination weapon through a mail-order house) and restrict the importation of surplus military weapons.

- Provide for increased training of local officers by federal law-enforcement agencies and finance research on improved justice and law enforcement on the local level. Federal grants for such purposes would be authorized by a "Law Enforcement Assistance Act."

The President declared that "the starting point for such efforts is the individual citizen. Law enforcement cannot succeed without the sustained interest of all citizens." Calling for some citizen help, Johnson announced that he will appoint two commissions. One would study crime in the District of Columbia, where serious crimes have increased more than twice as fast as the national rate. The other would conduct "a comprehensive, penetrating analysis of the origins and nature of crime in modern America," and report by mid-1966. Said Johnson: "The staggering cost of inaction makes it imperative that the task be undertaken."

MISSOURI

Ward Heelers' Revenge

In twelve years as mayor of St. Louis, Raymond Roche Tucker floated \$129.5 million in public-improvement bonds, bulldozed away acres of slums, attacked the traffic problem. Today, monuments to his administration stand everywhere: a nearly completed arch, designed by the late Eero Saarinen, symbolizing the

city's history as a gateway to the West; an \$89 million sports stadium rising from what was once Skid Row; 602 city blocks undergoing a face-lift.

But last week St. Louis voters turned Tucker out, nominated as his replacement a prominent Jack-of-all-trades with the fascinating name, in the city of Anheuser-Busch, of Alphonso Juan Cervantes. A great-great-grandson of a Spanish immigrant from Barcelona who wandered to frontier St. Louis via New Orleans, Cervantes, 44, served for four years as president of the city's board of aldermen until he was defeated in 1963 by a Tucker-backed candidate. Cervantes is president of an insurance agency, vice president of the Resort Corp. of Missouri, which operates a lodge beside Missouri's Lake of the Ozarks, a director of a trust company, a taxicab company, the St. Louis Municipal Opera Association, and has an interest in a company that sells bonds to liquor dealers.

More Than the Machines. In his attempt to win a fourth term, Tucker was done in by St. Louis' Democratic ward leaders, who have never liked him. A onetime Washington University engineering professor, Tucker made a name for himself in the 1930s when, as his city's first smoke commissioner, he was instrumental in getting through a strong anti-smoke ordinance that went a long way toward cleaning out St. Louis' polluted air. Reform-minded business leaders in 1953 nominated Tucker as an independent Democratic candidate for mayor, and Tucker defeated the Democratic machine candidate by a narrow 1,500 votes. After that, he was re-elected twice.

In this year's party primary the ward heelers got their revenge, joined forces behind Cervantes, who gained the endorsement of 20 of the city's 28 ward organizations. However, there was more to it than machine politics. After twelve years in office, Tucker, now 68, had begun showing signs of wear (in 1961 his right lung was removed because of a tumor).

"Progress Gap." Moreover, Tucker's slum-clearance projects had generated bitter protests among the people who were displaced, mostly Negroes, and among those into whose neighborhoods the displaced were moved. Negro leaders threw their support to Cervantes despite the fact that Tucker had consistently backed ordinances barring discrimination in public accommodations, employment and housing. Finally, Cervantes charged that, for all Tucker's works, St. Louis had suffered a "progress gap," and simply promised to do more faster.

Last week, with the votes in, Cervantes came out on top by 81,330 to 66,888. The Democratic nomination for mayor in St. Louis has, for the past 16 years, resulted in election, and Cervantes is virtually certain to win over his Republican opponent in the April 6 general election: Maurice Zumwalt, a storm-door manufacturer.

ILLINOIS

The High Cost of Politics

The corridor of Chicago's Federal Building might have been a political headquarters on a winning election night. Supporters cheered, klieg lights glared, and there was even a victory statement. Said Illinois' former Republican Governor (1953-61) William G. Stratton: "I never went through a tougher campaign."

Stratton had won perhaps the most important vote of his life: a federal-court jury, after a 9½-week trial, acquitted him of income tax evasion charges that could have jailed him for 20 years.

In court, Stratton often acted more



STRATTON & DIRKSEN

The toothpaste was tax-deductible.

like a candidate than a potential convict, waving to friends, shaking hands all around, and at one point drawing a rebuke from Judge Hubert L. Will for "grimacing, smiling, gesticulating." Warned Judge Will, in a somewhat inept classical allusion: "I don't want you sitting there like a sphinx, but I don't want you playing Hamlet either." Yet for all the histrionics, the basics of the trial consisted of two questions intimately related to American politics: What constitutes a political contribution? What constitutes a political expense?

Merry Christmas. Last year Stratton was indicted on charges of failing to report \$93,595 in income from 1957 through 1960. The prosecution suggested that the unreported money consisted of political contributions, mostly in cash, diverted to personal use. Under a 1954 Internal Revenue Service ruling, such money is taxable. The defense did not deny that Stratton had spent more than his reported income but argued that the extra amount came either from 1) unrestricted gifts, which are not taxable, or 2) campaign funds that were spent on valid political expenses.

Parading 27 witnesses to the stand, the defense sought to show that Stratton received repeated donations that could not be classified as political contributions, because they had no strings attached. Julius Klein, a Chicago public relations man, testified that just before Stratton lost to present Governor Otto Kerner, Klein told Stratton: "Bill, you're not going to win. You'll need this money after the election. Here's \$1,000." Andrew Fasseas, a Chicago financier who was once Stratton's state-revenue director, said that every Christmas he handed Stratton's wife Shirley an envelope containing \$500 or \$700 in cash, while Stratton stood near by. Stratton's physician said that he twice gave Stratton \$500 as a "personal gift."

Boat & Bungalow. Stratton did not testify, but in the transcript of an interview with IRS agents, read to the jury, he said that he would "probably find \$1,000 or \$2,000 in Christmas and birthday cards, some of it from people you never even heard of." And regarding money that he deemed political contributions, he denied converting it to his personal use. Said Stratton: "I wouldn't say it would be mine in the sense that I could use it for my personal benefit. I could use it for promotion or to enhance my political career."

The Government's view of what constituted legitimate political use differed widely from Stratton's. The prosecution recalled that Stratton built a \$63,000 lodge overlooking the Sangamon River, spent \$5,000 remodeling his family home. The defense countered that both lodge and family home were used for official entertainment. There was also a \$4,750 houseboat that Stratton kept moored near the lodge. But Witness Fasseas testified that he and nine other Republicans bought the boat for Stratton as a birthday present and, besides, "meetings were going on constantly" aboard it—once a state Supreme Court justice fell overboard and had to be fished out of the drink.

Tuxedo & Brassière. The bookkeeper for a Chicago tailoring firm said that Stratton once paid \$1,400 in cash for four suits and a tuxedo; the defense pointed out that Stratton was preparing for his inauguration. Clerks from several women's stores testified that Mrs. Stratton and Stratton's two grown daughters made cash purchases totaling thousands of dollars, mostly for dresses, shoes and undergarments. When a defense attorney objected that "there is not a scintilla of evidence as to their use," Judge Will said gently: "Do you mean you don't know what a brassière is for?" As for the dresses, including a \$383 red satin inaugural-ball gown introduced into evidence, the defense solemnly reminded the jury: "Shirley Stratton was the First Lady of Illinois."

Other purchases included, according to the prosecution, oil portraits of Stratton and his wife (supposedly for Stratton's 1956 campaign), a spinet organ, a manure spreader for Stratton's farm, a European trip for one of his daughters.

ters, a magazine subscription (*Réalité*) for Illinois' Republican Senator Everett Dirksen. The defense replied that such items were either gifts or related to Stratton's political career. Said Defense Counsel William Barnett: "It is hard to say that even his toothpaste was not a deductible expense."

Silver-Tongued Star. The star defense witness was none other than Ev Dirksen. In his most sonorous tones, sipping water to moisten his silver tongue, Dirksen said he had known Stratton "man and boy" since the defendant was 14, went on to relate the burdensome financial life of a politician. "I have never yet found a substitute for money," said Ev. "Carrying out the work and projecting an image obviously requires funds. I've clocked the demands made upon me over a period of six months, and it comes roughly to \$100 a day in political and nonpolitical questions."

Judge Will asked Dirksen whether he had ever spent campaign contributions for clothing for himself. "I came very close to it on one occasion, your honor, and it might have been a sizable sum," replied Dirksen gravely, settling into his chair for a good anecdote. As a freshman Congressman in 1933, the witness said, he arrived in Washington for Roosevelt's inauguration without a dress suit and was described in the newspapers as "the man who attended the inauguration in a rented suit." Recalled Dirksen: "It was a frightful embarrassment, and it resulted promptly in the raising of a fund of \$2,700 to buy me a white tie and a long-tailed coat." He said that he had not used the money for that purpose, finally giving it to charity, but added: "I felt I might have been justified in doing so."

With Ev's testimony, the defense rested.

ESPIONAGE

The Stupid Spy

To the neighbors around Bay Shore, L.I., Robert Glenn Thompson, 30, seemed average enough—an overweight (6 ft. 2 in., 250 lbs.) and overworked Air Force veteran who scratched out a living for his German-born wife and three kids by running a home fuel-oil delivery service. Last January, when Thompson was arrested by the FBI and charged with committing "13 overt acts of espionage" for the Russians between 1957 and 1963, the folks in Bay Shore were predictably surprised. Just as predictably, Thompson denied all. But last week he changed his mind, pleaded guilty in U.S. District Court in Brooklyn, and blabbered his sordid little spy story to the press.

"To Hell with It." It began in West Berlin in July 1957, after Airman Second Class Thompson, then 22, had been chewed out by his commanding officer because he needed a shave. That night Thompson drowned his resentment in cognac, brooded about his job as a clerk in the Office of Special Investigation at Berlin's Tempelhof Air Base. "You lived

in a state of terror," he recalled. "Everyone in our office was watching someone. We all watched each other."

After 20 shots of cognac, Thompson "decided to hell with it." He walked into East Berlin wearing civilian clothes; no one checked his pass. He contacted Communist intelligence officers, said he wanted to defect. Three men questioned him for six hours in the sun porch of a private house overlooking a lake. Thompson was pretty drunk; the Soviets told him they didn't think he would be a good spy and sent him back.

Toward Revenge. About ten days later, Thompson was walking at night near Tempelhof when a black DKW with three men inside pulled up. "They



THOMPSON & WIFE
The cognac soon wore off.

called out my name and told me to get in; one of them had a pistol," said Thompson. "They took me back to the same place I was before, only this time the atmosphere was different. They threatened to 'double-agent' me—meaning one of their agents would get word to my superiors that I was working for them. They interviewed me for nine hours that time, and I smoked a lot of cigars. I agreed to work with them." For most of the next five months Thompson carried a Minox camera in his tobacco pouch, snapped pictures of Confidential and Secret reports that crossed his desk (he was not cleared for Top Secret). He delivered from 50 to 100 photographs every two weeks. Occasionally he got money—an average amount was \$12.50 for a batch of photographs. "I wasn't in this for money. I was disgusted, and it was part of my plan to get revenge," he said. No one in his outfit seemed to suspect anything.

In January 1958, Thompson was ordered to report to the Air Force base in Great Falls, Mont. "When I told them, the Russians got shook up and excited," he recalled. "They gave me

\$1,000 and told me to buy a short-wave radio and tune in on a special part of the band and listen for the code words 'Amour Lenin.'" The Reds gave him a cigarette lighter decorated with four aces and told him a Soviet agent with an identical lighter would meet him in front of a movie theater in Smiths Falls, Ont., 1,650 miles away, to which Thompson was to travel on certain Sundays. The agent would ask, "Are you from Toledo?" and Thompson would reply, "Yes, since June 23, 1932."

Thompson says that once back in the U.S. he reneged on the Russians and did no more spying while in service. He got an honorable discharge in December 1958 and went to Detroit. There he was approached by a Russian named Boris Karpovich, a Soviet embassy counselor in Washington who was kicked out of the U.S. in January. Boris told him to get a job with the FBI. Thompson, a high school dropout, said with rare perspicacity that he doubted the FBI would hire him. For nearly two years thereafter the Soviets left him alone.

"Not Even Gas Money." Then, in mid-1961, Fedor Kudashkin, former chief of Russian translators at the U.N., arrived in Detroit and put on the pressure. Frightened, Thompson moved to Long Island. Kudashkin tracked him down in November 1961, threatened to expose Thompson's sleazy spy work, and Thompson agreed to help out where he could. "He wanted me to supply information about water reservoirs on Long Island, on the gas lines between New York and Long Island, on the power plants in these areas."

Sometimes Kudashkin asked for "background investigations" on people living on Long Island, and Thompson would "pose as an insurance man and question a man's neighbors and credit agents and so forth." Thompson met Kudashkin dozens of times—sitting in Thompson's oil truck in parks, beneath water towers, in railroad parking lots. Whatever Thompson's information was worth to Kudashkin, it wasn't worth much to Thompson. "I never even made my gas money," said Thompson.

Finally in the spring of 1963, Thompson realized the jig was up when he saw two men in a nearby car taking pictures of him and Kudashkin. "I knew it was the FBI; Kudashkin was sloppy in his work," Thompson explained. Shortly after that Kudashkin went back to Russia for "imperative family reasons." FBI men continued to watch Thompson for 15 months, finally picked him up in August 1964, and he began to spill his story to agents. Most of it was not news to them. The FBI had been spying on Thompson's spying ever since he came back to the U.S. in 1958.

After he pleaded guilty last week, sentencing was postponed until May. The maximum penalty is death, but Thompson said to newsmen: "I want to take what's coming to me. I made a bad mistake when I was 22. I was stupid." No one could fault him on that.

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Prospect of Action

Under slate-grey skies, U.S. Marine landing craft plowed through 5-ft. waves in the Bay of Danang, came to a halt with gravelly crunches, and dropped their ramps. Out poured hundreds of U.S. marines in full battle dress, with M-14 rifles held at high port. They were the vanguard of a 3,500-man force, the first marines since Korea to hit the beaches in a combat zone, and the first U.S. combat—as opposed to “advisory”—troops to arrive in South Viet Nam.

The U.S. decision to send in combat units had been weighed for weeks. Only after it became evident that the big Danang airbase in the northern tier of South Viet Nam was critically threatened, did Defense Secretary Robert McNamara recommend sending in two reinforced Marine battalions and a squadron of 24 helicopters. By then, at least twelve Viet Cong battalions—roughly 6,000 men—were in the Danang area; they launched an attack at Micubong, only three miles away, the day before the marines landed.

President Johnson quickly approved McNamara's recommendation, and orders crackled to Seventh Fleet headquarters in Hawaii. The marines' role, said the Pentagon, was to be strictly defensive. But nobody doubted for a minute that sooner or later they would clash with the Viet Cong. And, as Secretary of State Dean Rusk crisply informed a television audience, “if they are shot at, they will shoot back.”

Off That Ship. The marines were shot at once during the landing operation,

when a Viet Cong rifleman hit the wing of a C-130 Hercules transport as it approached Danang with a load of marines from camps on Okinawa. But no real damage was done.

Half of the marines landed by ship. Scarcely 24 hours after the orders to move came from Washington, a Navy destroyer and four transports hove to in the foam-flecked bay half a mile off Nam O Beach north of Danang, renamed “Red Beach Two” by the marines. A dozen LVTs (landing vehicles, tracked) were lowered from the transports and nosed toward the beach carrying 1,400 men of the 9th Marine Expeditionary Brigade. For two months the marines had been floating in the South China Sea, just waiting. “When the temperature went up,” said Brigadier General Frederick J. Karch, commander of the brigade, “we got closer.”

First to hit the beach was Corporal Garry Parsons, who splashed onto the wet sand and sprinted 50 yards into a stand of pine trees—and a platoon of photographers. Parsons' comment was candid if not immortal. Cried he, “I'm glad to get off that damned ship!”

Girls & Frogmen. Marines are indoctrinated in boot camp that there is no such thing as a “friendly” beach, and as they dashed ashore, they were ready for anything—except perhaps the winsome welcoming committee of Vietnamese girls bearing garlands of yellow dahlias and red gladioli. Even General Karch, 47, and a very tough gent, was hard put to maintain his composure while being festooned with posies.

Peaceful as the reception was, however, nobody was taking any chances,

Navy frogmen combed the beach before the marines landed. Two battalions of Vietnamese soldiers patrolled the area while rocket-armed U.S. helicopters skimmed just above the treetops. Marine security squads began digging foxholes and mortar emplacements as soon as they landed.

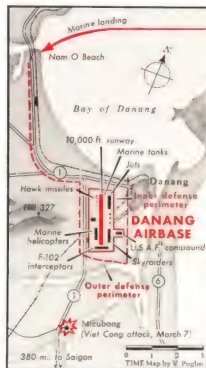
It took just 65 minutes to put 1,400 marines ashore with rifles, machine guns, rocket and grenade launchers. At Danang, the brigade's other battalion came in the easy way—by air from Okinawa. Both battalions came prepared for heavy combat: they had 105-mm. howitzers, M-48 medium tanks, 106-mm. recoilless rifles.

Getting Some Action. Swiftly the two battalions deployed to security positions at and around Danang. Some dug in near the Marine helicopter flight line. Others pitched their two-man pup tents at the ends of Danang's 10,000-ft. runway to reinforce the inner perimeter defense. Three companies set out for the grassy hills overlooking the base, preceded by Marine engineers with a bulldozer to flatten one of the hillslopes for the marines' Hawk missiles. So steep were the ridges on one of the hills that some men had to be positioned there by helicopter.

Spirits were high. “We've been ready to do this job for some time,” said Karch, an Annapolis-trained veteran who had fought on Saipan, Tinian and Iwo Jima. “There's a sense of relief at the prospect of getting some action.”



MARINES & TANKS COMING ASHORE NEAR DANANG
On Red Beach Two with garlands and gung ho.





RADAR & MARINE CREW
On Hill 327, a hungry i.

With some marines dug in on hills well beyond the outer defense perimeter that stretches some 20 miles around Danang, there was every prospect of action. "Obviously," said Karch, "the Viet Cong are going to probe us. We expect them, and we are ready."

No Signs of Bodies. The Viet Cong quickly learned just how ready they were. Three times during one night, a band of a dozen or so guerrillas stealthily reconnoitered the base of Hill 327, a 1,073-ft. hump nicknamed "the hungry i" for the San Francisco nightclub and for the "I" Company marines who first occupied it. Each time, the marines detected the guerrillas with new, man-spotting radar devices that are employed all over the hill. Modeled after the dish-shaped radar used on airport control towers, the devices are around 5 ft. tall and are highly sensitive to movements by troops.

As soon as they picked up "pips" on their radar screens, the marines called on a nearby howitzer battery for flare shells to illuminate the area, then swept the slope with a barrage of machine-gun and mortar fire. Though there were no signs of bodies the next morning, the marines were delighted with the radar's performance in its first combat tests. Chuckled one machine gunner: "I'll bet they wondered how we knew they were out there."

However, in one of their first joint patrols with Vietnamese rangers, the marines were slightly unnerved. "The Vietnamese seemed to know their business all right," said Lieut. Donald H. Herring, "but we were a little shook up when they started lighting cigarettes and listening to jazz on their transistors while we were patrolling."

Buzzing with Rumors. With 27,500 Americans already in Viet Nam—a 50% increase since the Tonkin Gulf crisis of August, the U.S. may well ex-

pand that force still further. After Army Chief of Staff General Harold K. Johnson wound up an eight-day tour of Viet Nam, Saigon began buzzing with rumors that a beefed-up U.S. Army division of nearly 20,000 men might be sent over to guard key bases. The fact that 6,000 marines were moved out of Hawaii last week to replace the 3,500 who landed in Viet Nam might indicate further leatherneck reinforcements at any moment.

Escalation could take other forms. Admiral U.S. Grant Sharp Jr., the U.S. commander in the Pacific, has suggested that the Seventh Fleet might help Saigon's force of 800 junks patrol coastal waters for infiltrators. A squadron of torpedo boats is on hand at Subic Bay in the Philippines for that purpose. The attack carrier *Midway* may soon leave the West Coast for the South China Sea, either to relieve one of the three carriers now on duty or to reinforce those already there. In the air, the U.S. has ticketed North Vietnamese targets up to Hanoi and beyond for destruction if necessary. All last week U.S. bombers flew out of Danang with South Vietnamese Skyraiders on "mystery" missions—mystery in the sense that officials refused to say whether they had been hitting Viet Cong units in South Viet Nam or bases north of the 17th parallel.

Missing Link. As far as negotiations were concerned, Washington officials made it clear that there was no point even considering them as long as North Viet Nam refused to halt its support of the guerrillas. "What is still missing is any indication—any indication from anyone—that Hanoi is prepared or willing or ready to stop doing what it is doing against its neighbors," said Lyndon Johnson at his Rose Garden press conference. Added the President: "A great friend of mine who had great responsibilities for a long period of military and executive life in our Government"—Dwight Eisenhower, perhaps?—"said to me the other day, 'When I see the suggestions about negotiations, I wonder if folks don't recognize that there must be someone to negotiate with, and there must be someone willing to negotiate.'"

Victory at Kannack

Camp Kannack stands on the crest of a gentle hillcock near the midfield stripe of South Viet Nam, balanced like a football waiting for the kickoff. From the Kannack compound and its adjacent dirt airstrip, some 400 American and *montagnard* defenders oversee dense jungle, slippery slopes and the crumpled folds of ravines ideally suited for enemy mortar attack. A single ribbon of road leads south toward embattled Route 19, the east-west highway where government convoys are frequent prey for Viet Cong ambushes. Last week the Communists hit Kannack.

The Viet Cong waited until a thick



VIET CONG DEAD AFTER THE ATTACK
On the dark perimeter, bangs galore.

layer of rain cloud covered the mountain crests around Kannack. Insured against U.S. jet attacks, they struck, nearly 1,000 strong, at the camp's north, south and east flanks. Dozens of assault squads in black shorts and green kerchiefs of parachute silk slipped up to the barbed-wire perimeter carrying Bangalore torpedoes. There followed bangs galore.

Wives & Desperation. Then shock troops dragged wicker baskets full of grenades and ammo through holes blown in the wire, knocked out a sand-bagged bunker on Kannack's northeast corner with one shot from a 57-mm. recoilless rifle, then blasted through the camp's bloody southeast angle to carry a string of defensive bunkers. All told, Kannack's defenders lost 33 dead and 27 wounded—most of them in the first assault.

But the mountain men—a mixture of H'rey, Bahnar, Rhadé and Muong tribes—dug in and held. As they turned their mortars on their own overrun positions, their women carried ammunition into the trenches and fed belts into the clattering machine guns. It was a grim sort of togetherness, born of desperation. "I think the *montagnards* fought well because most had their families with them," said an American adviser. "These people are ruthless when it comes to life or death. One guy was in a bunker, completely cut off, and the V.C. called on him to surrender. He told them to go to hell and ran down the hill."

End of the Trail. Demoralized, the Viet Cong drew back. In the morning light, more than 100 Communist dead dangled on the wire, some clutching grenades and belts of unburnt ammunition. They belonged to the battle-hard-

ened 580th and 801st Viet Cong battalions, and the dead carried new, Communist-bloc weapons—tying the guerrillas to outside supplies of ammunition and spare parts—a sure sign of Communist confidence in ultimate victory.

Many of the Communist dead at Kannack had been wounded earlier, probably during U.S. jet strikes on Viet Cong positions along Route 19 last month. Some had been nipped by the "Lazy Dog," a new U.S. anti-personnel bomb that explodes 30 yds. above the ground, spewing tiny *fléchettes* (steel darts) over a block-square area. Among the dead was a young North Vietnamese lieutenant named Ngo. In his diary, he told of the arduous trip down the long Ho Chi Minh trail that began last November. It ended last week on the barbed wire before Kannack. "My life is very hard," he wrote. "There is not enough to eat, and all the time the planes bomb me."

Defeat in the Highlands

The Viet Cong defeat at Kannack, though heartening to U.S. and government forces, was scarcely a turning point in the war. The Viet Cong still roam virtually at will through South Viet Nam's central highlands, and recently have turned to a new, diabolical tactic. They are burning down whole villages, forcing the inhabitants to seek refuge in government-controlled seacoast cities—and thus to overwork them.

Down from the smoky plateaus above the South China Sea crept column after column of refugees, carrying with them their tools, their pigs and the elders of their tribes.

Over the past six months, more than 125,000 refugees have poured into the coastal region. Many of the new arrivals have been forced to burn their identity cards in the flames consuming their homes—making it easier for Viet Cong cadres to infiltrate alongside them. It was all too reminiscent of the last days of the Korean War, when thousands of displaced persons flooded through the Main Line of Resistance. Often the benevolent, top-hatted South Korean *papa-san* was freighted with grenades or a machine gun.

So far this pattern of infiltration has not emerged in South Viet Nam, but to veterans of the last parallel, the threat was obvious. The immediate problem is one of cost—both in money and in terms of human endurance. At the present rate of influx, the U.S. and South Viet Nam must spend \$12,500 a day merely to keep the newcomers in rice and *nuoc nam*, the rancid fish sauce that provides the Vietnamese with protein. Housing is so short that many of the refugees can find no quarters at all and must sleep in the open. Many others have been displaced before. Some 6,000 villagers burned out in Phu Yen province last week were victims of another Viet Cong fire raid only six months ago. Unless the Viet Cong are checked, it could happen again.

COMMUNISTS

Strictly Temporary

When Nikita Khrushchev was ousted and the Kossygin-Brezhnev team took over in Moscow, the new leaders doubtless hoped they would be able to put an end to Russia's bitter quarrel with Red China. At first, they seemed to be succeeding: for months, scarcely an anti-Moscow curse or sneer was heard from Peking. Red China's Premier Chou En-lai was received politely in Moscow, and Russia's Premier Kossygin got cool but correct treatment from the Chinese when he toured Asia last month.

But the truce was strictly temporary, as became all too clear last week. Into the Foreign Ministry in Moscow raged Red Chinese Ambassador Pan Tzu-li, crying foul over Russian handling of the Chinese-led riots at the U.S. embassy in Moscow (TIME, March 12). "Police brutality!" declared Pan, demanding "severe punishment" for the Moscow cops and an official apology from Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. With the disdain he once reserved for Western diplomats, Gromyko turned Pan away icily and instantly, then published an angry blast at Peking charging that China "permits itself intolerable acts against the Soviet Union."

Deep in the Mud. What's more, growled Moscow, Peking "even tries to teach us how to fight imperialism. We do not intend to accept anyone's instructions on this score. The Soviet Union has consistently waged, and continues to wage, this struggle not in words but in deeds." These were bitter words, but they had been provoked by as ugly an allegation as one Communist can make about another. The Soviet Union was "bent on colluding with the U.S. imperialists," Peking had charged—specifically in North Viet Nam, where Moscow was giving Ho Chi Minh's regime nothing more than verbal support.

Sitting in retirement in his Moscow

apartment, Khrushchev must have chuckled at this exchange, for it was similar to the pattern of attack he had known when Red China first turned its guns on him. The time for Peking to get personal had not quite come. As before, this was being left to Albania, Peking's European mouthpiece. "The Moscow student demonstration has torn the mask from the Khrushchevite revisionist troika—Brezhnev, Kossygin and Mikoyan," blared Radio Tirana. "It showed how deeply they have plunged into the mud of revisionism and capitulation when faced with the pressure and blackmail of American imperialism."

"The Question of the Question." Resumption of the open feuding coincided with another reminder of Moscow's fading mastery of the world Communist movement. It was the communiqué explaining the results of the long-awaited, short-lived March meeting of 19 pro-Soviet parties. The 1,000-word document was a weaseling admission of defeat, the *sotto voce* anticlimax to what was obviously the most unsuccessful gathering of international Communists ever staged by the Soviets. Khrushchev had originally planned the meeting as a first step toward a full-dress Communist summit, aimed at reading Red China out of the movement and thereby reestablishing Soviet hegemony among the world's 90-odd Communist parties. But even before it began, Nikita's uneasy successors had watered the meeting down to a mere "consultation"—a preparation for a preparatory meeting leading up to the big showdown. In the event, it was not even that.

"On the question of deciding the question of calling such a preparatory meeting," said the communiqué, "consultations with all parties are necessary." That means months, maybe years, of bilateral talks among dissident Red leaders. Russia's chance of hammering out ideological unanimity appeared to be virtually nil.



HAMMER & SICKLE

MIDDLE EAST

What to Do About Germany

The latest angry round in West Germany's hassle with Egypt last week led Chancellor Ludwig Erhard to announce that he was at last prepared to establish diplomatic relations with Israel. Having made his announcement, Erhard belatedly realized that it might be important to discover Israel's sentiments in the matter.

To that end, Special Envoy Kurt Birrenbach flew to Jerusalem and was astounded to discover that Israeli officials were not exactly jumping with joy. For one thing, anti-German feelings lie bone-deep in many Israelis; for another, everyone recognized that Erhard's decision was prompted less by a desire to do right by Israel than by a need to slap back at Gamal Abdel Nasser, who has been diplomatically flirting with East Germany.

Through Birrenbach, Israel's Premier Levi Eshkol prodded Bonn for action on 1) extending the statute of limitation to permit the arrest and trial of Nazi murderers still at large, 2) forcing the return home of German scientists working on Egypt's rocket program, and 3) resuming the shipment of arms to Nasser suspended last month because of Nasser's protests.

As Birrenbach flew back to Bonn to deliver Eshkol's message, foreign ministers of 13 Arab states assembled in Cairo to decide on a common course of action against Bonn. Nasser, sensing a chance to rally the Arabs behind him, was fast off the mark with a four-point proposal of penalties, ranging from the withdrawal of Arab ambassadors from Bonn to a complete trade boycott of West Germany. "If the Jews win this battle, then the Arabs had better go bury their faces in the mud!" he cried.

But as is well known, when it comes to unity, the Arabs are long on words and short on deeds. Hardly had Egypt's leader spoken than Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba made it clear that his country would not go along with extreme measures against the West Germans. And Morocco's King Hassan II, in Cairo for a state visit, did not even mention the German problem in his speech at an official dinner. Fact was, all the Arab states were probably willing to withdraw their ambassadors from Bonn, but many were reluctant to go much farther. Only the extremist bloc of Egypt, Yemen and Iraq, possibly joined by Syria and Algeria, seemed likely to go the whole way.

WEST GERMANY

Murder by Marmalade

Snuffling in handkerchiefs, their stringy hair drawn back in buns, the 14 hefty women huddled in the dock looked more like a woebegone *Kaffeehaus* of housewives than a team of killers for the Nazi cause. They were criminals all the same, maintained Munich State Attorney Manfred Bode, and they were



"ANGELS OF DEATH" IN COURT BOX
The orders always came from above.

charged with more than 800 deaths. Between 1942 and 1945, these 14 "angels of death" had worked as nurses at the Ohrwalde insane asylum in Brandenburg, where, under Adolf Hitler's "euthanasia" program, more than 8,000 physical and mental "defectives" were put to death.

Through the Keyhole. In three weeks of testimony, Bode unfolded a grisly story. Ohrwalde was a large, handsome sanatorium surrounded by parks, and relatives were told how lucky their demented loved ones were to be so close to nature. But when patients arrived, a male nurse examined them, then assigned the strong ones to "Department 19," which meant the forced-labor camp. The weak ones went to "Department 20," the death room. "I was first told about the killings," testified Ohrwalde's dentist, "by a group of children who had watched through the keyhole."

Massive overdoses of barbiturates were the technique, and it was often the nurses who gave the injections. Children were fed a treat as well as a treatment: poison mixed with marmalade. Patients who resisted had stomach tubes forced down their throats, or were given lethal enemas. But many were literally killed with kindness by the motherly defendants, who spoon-fed them, urging them cheerfully to take their medicine. "They obeyed me," recalled Margarete Tunkowski, 54, charged with 200 murders, "because I always performed my duty with love."

Satisfying No One. None of the whimpering defendants denied their deeds. They merely maintained they were following doctors' orders, faced punishment if they refused, and did not realize the gravity of their offense. "When *Frau Doktor* told me to give a patient five grams of luminal," explained Luise Erdmann, 63, "I naturally assumed there had been a mistake, and gave the normal dose of .5 gram." When she learned *Frau Doktor* had

meant what she said, Luise went to the head physician and was told that it was all done on orders from above. "If it hadn't been legal," she added, "wouldn't the police have come?"

Judge Albert Thomas accepted their defense. "This verdict will satisfy no one," he said, acquitting them all, but "it is not possible to prove that the accused identified themselves with the Nazi ideas of the main perpetrators. They were automatic robots, simple-minded persons who lacked the ability to realize the illegality of their doings."

GREAT BRITAIN

Down the Middle

Ever since Harold Wilson squeaked into power five months ago, he has had his hands full trying to stay in power with his five-vote parliamentary majority. Postponed were the heady socialist dreams of renationalizing the steel industry, state purchase of urban land, and a first hundred days' whirlwind assault on modernizing Britain. Fact is that Wilson has had nowhere to go but straight down the middle, hoping to keep everybody happy and himself employed.

Even the middle has had its perils. Labor's left wing wants no part of his unstinting support of the new U.S. firmness in Viet Nam; 48 left-wing Laborites led by M.P. Sidney Silverman have introduced a motion in the House declaring that Britain is unable to support the "U.S. war" in Viet Nam. The frailty of Labor's margin was plainly illustrated fortnight ago by a surprise Tory victory in the House on two votes that were not quite important enough to bring the government down. And though the Gallup polls show Wilson's own personal popularity rising, that of the Labor Party is tailing off as the Conservatives make a comeback.

Last week Wilson was in West Germany on a trip aimed at bolstering the

British economy—and at improving his political image. One of the major drains on the British balance of payments is the 51,000-man British Army of the Rhine, which costs London some \$200 million a year to maintain. London wanted the West Germans to shoulder more of this load themselves by "Buying British," perhaps aircraft and broadcasting equipment as well as arms.

Things did not go half badly. After lunch and a look at the Wall with Mayor Willy Brandt in Berlin, Wilson went on to Bonn, where he sat down with Chancellor Ludwig Erhard for an informal dinner that went on until mid-

seen on the grounds of U.S. Ambassador David Bruce's residence, the Daily Mirror headline fluttered, NOW GOLDIE CALLS ON UNCLE SAM FOR HELP.

Murder in the Park. What everyone feared finally happened on the fugitive's sixth day of freedom. GOLDIE TURNS KILLER! screamed the Daily Express. Worse still, the killer had eaten the victim. It was a Muscovy duck that had been swimming innocently in a nearby pond as Goldie—the Regent's Park Zoo's proud golden eagle—yielded to the demands of an angry appetite.

"We are very sorry for the duck," said a zoo spokesman, "but it is rather

good to have him back," said a zoo official. "He is used to people and good square meals." Many a Londoner would take wistful exception. As the Daily Mail put it, Goldie "is the flying symbol of all men lost in urban civilization." Added the Daily Telegraph's editorial page: "Perhaps we are all mirrored in the behavior of Goldie, victims of the welfare state, tending to lose our self-reliance and mobility."

Once Upon a Time

So far as David's family or the Court were concerned, I simply did not exist.

—The Duchess of Windsor

This short line compresses the bitterness of 30 years. But last week, as Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Duke of Windsor, lay shrouded in bandages after three operations for a detached retina of the eye, the glacial attitude of the royal family at last was softening. Queen Elizabeth graciously let it be known that she would visit her uncle as soon as his condition would permit. And she would not only take note that the duchess existed, but would extend her royal hand in friendship.

Many Britons thought it was about time, for the mood of the nation has mellowed. Partly it is because the monarchy has long since overcome the shock of the duke's abdication, and partly because of a different moral atmosphere. In the old days, the most adamant member of the royal family was Queen Mary, that staunch Victorian who could never swallow the idea of her son's marrying a divorcee. "My mother's mind was set," wrote the duke of their infrequent later meetings. "No reconciliation . . . she never forgave."

Misread Mood. At the crisis point of Windsor's life 30 years ago, Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin harshly gave the King the choice of abdicating and marrying Wallis or giving her up and remaining King. Winston Churchill took up the King's cause in the Commons, insisting that the government accept a morganatic marriage. But Churchill misread the mood of the Establishment. His efforts were hotly resented in Parliament, and the Times thundered that the woman the King wanted to marry was not fit to be Queen.

And so it was. Winston Churchill had one final task: to help the King write his masterly speech of abdication. It commenced, "At long last I am able to say a few words," and ended hauntingly, "And now we all have a new King. I wish him and you, his people, happiness and prosperity with all my heart. God bless you all. God save the King!"

Harm's Way. With the coming of World War II, both duke and duchess made an effort to serve in the ranks. In the quiet months of the "phony" war, Wallis was with the French Red Cross and the duke tried to make himself use-

—Under which a wife does not acquire her husband's rank, nor can the children succeed to the crown.



GOLDIE & ZOOKEEPERS IN REGENT'S PARK
Duck for dinner and howdy to Uncle Sam.

night. Out of it came 1) an assurance that Erhard would look into the matter of Buying British, and 2) a book entitled *A Picturesque Tour Along the Rhine from Mainz to Cologne*—a gift from Ludwig to Harold.

Flying back to London with good notices from both the German and British press, Wilson went ahead with plans for trips next month to Paris, New York, Washington and Rome. This was image-building indeed. In London it was suggested that Labor's leader had in mind a sudden election in June in the hope of broadening his present slender majority.

A Flying Symbol

The inexperienced guard turned his back, and in a trice the 6-ft. Finnish prisoner was gone, lost in the foliage of London's Regent's Park. Though an official spokesman insisted "he's not dangerous," all London was alarmed, and telephone switchboards were soon jammed by the tipsters and the fearful. Gawkers flocked to the park by the thousands as the dragnet began to tighten. Radio trucks and prowl cars moved in, and giant searchlights were brought up to illuminate the park at night.

As the chase grew more dramatic, so did the front-page headlines in the British press. The Daily Express ran a picture of the fugitive's spouse under an eight-column banner, THE LITTLE WOMAN WHO WAITS. When the escapee was

heartening for us to see Goldie get a good square meal." Goldie had in fact made an earlier stab at food in the form of Dusty, a Cairn terrier ambling with his mistress through the park, but Dusty fought the eagle to a draw. A snow goose would have fared less well had not spectators driven Goldie off.

The exploits of London's elusive eagle made headlines for twelve solid days in an extraordinary national preoccupation with what the Daily Mail called "the most celebrated eagle of his day." Britons sent in dozens of suggestions for recapturing Goldie: someone urged that he be brought to earth with a tranquilizing dart; another thought up an elaborate scheme to float a balloon filled with anesthetic gas and baited with thin pieces of meat so that the eagle's talons would prick the bubble, causing a knockout drop. Still others saw a profit in Goldie's exploits. Britain's wide-awake malted-milk firm rushed out advertisements urging "Give Goldie Horlick's!" One of its biggest oil companies took a half-page ad to declare:

One thing's sure. In years to follow

Goldie's name will ring a bell.

For, in terms of dauntless spirit,

Goldie's in a class with Shell.

A Quiet Surrender. The fun was over on Goldie's twelfth day loose. Swooping down to feast on a rabbit planted by his pursuers, he let himself be quietly seized by the legs and returned to his cage, where his mate Regina awaited. "It's



**For a car to look like this
and have Pontiac's kind of performance
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ful at the British Military Mission at Vincennes. Perhaps to get them both out of harm's way, the duke was then made Governor of the Bahamas.

The decades after the war were mostly spent in France, first at a Riviera villa and later in a town house on the outskirts of Paris. Visits to Britain became more frequent, and the duke could call on the Queen—always alone. When Elizabeth was a child, the duke was her favorite uncle, and such he remains to both the Queen and her sister, Princess Margaret. But for the duchess nothing changed. As before, she saw herself "confronted with a barrier of turned backs, rigid and immovable."

At the time of the Windsors' 25th wedding anniversary in 1962, there were a few sporadic demands for a "reconciliation" in the British press, but nothing came of it. Yet the ranks of those who loved the golden Prince of Wales and those who hated "this woman who had three husbands and wanted to be our Queen" have both been thinned by time. The younger generation could scarcely care less about this old and seemingly unimportant scandal.

FRANCE

An End to Tears?

Woman is given to man to bear children: she is therefore his property, as the tree is the gardener's.

—Napoleon Bonaparte

Since 1840, when the Code Napoléon was enacted as France's basic civil law, married Frenchwomen have enjoyed all the legal privileges one might expect from the Emperor's opinion of them. Novelist George Sand watched in despair in the 19th century while her husband squandered her immense dowry and made her ask permission to spend the money she earned from her books and plays. A present-day Frenchwoman told her lawyer that her husband had just sold her store, and now wanted a divorce. What could she do? "Cry, madame, cry," she was advised.

Some of madame's tears would be wiped away by sweeping changes in marriage laws proposed last week by Charles de Gaulle's Cabinet. What the government had in mind, beamed Information Minister Alain Peyrefitte, was "a veritable emancipation of women." Under the new bill, a married woman for the first time will be able to take a job or open a bank account without her husband's permission. She will have the legal right to help decide where her children can go to school, to veto his plans to sell her property, and retain her own possessions if there is a divorce.

Actually, through a delicate balance of finesse and commanding personality, many Frenchwomen are already freer than the laws would indicate. Madame de Pompadour, after all, ruled France from the boudoir of Louis XV, and fully three-quarters of all French blue-collar workers voluntarily (so to speak) turn over their weekly pay envelopes to *madam*, who passes back a few



ELIZABETH & UNCLE DAVID (1933)

The turned backs have thinned.

francs for Gauloises and wine. Economically, French housewives are growing increasingly independent. With the growth in popularity of household time-savers like the automatic washer and *le sandwich*, some 30% of all married women find the time and energy to hold jobs outside the home, roughly the same proportion as in the U.S.

Moreover, since 1945, Frenchwomen have been enfranchised, and the nation's 17 million eligible women voters outnumber the men by 2,500,000. Women are among *le grand Charles's* strongest supporters, a fact not lost on government leaders aware that a presidential election is only six months away.

THE CONGO

Tshombe's Election Campaign

As the head of a "government of public welfare," Moïse Tshombe has ruled for eight months without the weight of a Parliament around his neck. What with the rebels in the northeast, nearly half the nation under a state of emergency, and much of the rest crippled by anarchy, he would probably be happy to continue governing by decree indefinitely. But African public opinion demands the trappings of democracy, and under the elaborate constitution drawn up last year, Tshombe must call elections before April 1. This week, barely two weeks before the deadline, they begin.

Conference in Luluabourg. Like a cowboy leading a stampede, Tshombe himself is running hardest and fastest. Hardly had he returned from Brussels last month, triumphantly displaying the former colonial government's long-promised portfolio of shares in the Congo's Belgian-owned industries, than he was racing to consolidate his success politically. Crowding that the "return of the portfolio" was the equivalent of political and economic inde-

pendence—and the symbol of national dignity—Tshombe flew off for a conference with other political leaders in Luluabourg. The object was to form an electoral alliance that would carry him through to victory, give him if possible a majority in both the National Assembly and Senate. That takes some doing, since the Congo, as if to prove it can be more democratic than anybody, has no fewer than 221 political parties. At Luluabourg, 49 of them jumped on Tshombe's bandwagon.

In a sense, Tshombe is running alone. Except for President Joseph Kasavubu, who would hardly exchange the presidency for the insecure job of Premier, no other Congolese politician can project himself as a national figure. Two moderate regional leaders, Justin Bomboko and Elder Statesman Jean Bolikango, might like a crack at the premiership, but experts believe neither has enough votes to come close, and both will probably join a post-election coalition government with Tshombe.

Former Premier Cyrille Adoula, his own Radecon Party badly split and losing influence, refuses to leave his self-imposed exile in Rome to contest the elections. The far-leftists have not had a real leader since Patrice Lumumba, whose once powerful *Mouvement National Congolais* has been fragmented and dispersed. The most radical Lumumbist elements are leading the rebels—and have refused a challenge by Tshombe to lay down their arms and enter their own candidates at the polls.

Itinerant Polling. Still, Tshombe is taking no chances. The voting begins in heavily pro-Tshombe Elisabethville, then moves to Leopoldville, where both Kasavubu and Tshombe are popular, only reaches the rebel-infested north-eastern Congo in the middle of April. By then, Tshombe hopes he will have piled up so many votes elsewhere that the northeastern tribes will go along too.

Elections are not easy in the Congo. To reach the 80% of the population, itinerant polling officers will have to haul the ballot boxes from hamlet to hamlet by pirogue and dugout canoe, or by land along elephant tracks, winding jungle paths and narrow bush trails. Moreover, the rebels have killed thousands of civil servants, producing a desperate shortage of trained administrators who could serve as polling officers.

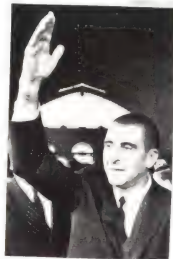
Tshombe has not yet made up his mind whether to hold elections in all parts of the northeast. His troops are under orders to secure as much land as possible before the northeast elections begin, and election officials are expected to move in on the heels of the army to allow the newly liberated tribes to express their gratitude by voting for Tshombe. Reluctant voters will be lured to the polls with sacks of salt, but campaigning will be a dangerous business. "If you go off the main road," Munongo recently warned all candidates, "someone is liable to stick a spear in you."

THE HEMISPHERE

CHILE

A Mandate to Serve

Before last week's congressional elections in Chile, two candidates in the staunchly conservative lake district did not even bother to campaign. They were Christian Democrats and sure to lose. They won. Three other party stalwarts offered their names only to fill out the ballot. They were going to Moscow, Bonn and Bern as ambassadors. They won. In fact, practically anyone could have won in Chile last week—if he ran under the banner of Chile's Christian Democratic President Eduardo Frei



FREI

A clear recognition of the problems.

"This," said Frei, "has been a veritable earthquake."

Down with the Ducks. For Frei (rhymes with day), the elections were do or die in the truest sense. In his presidential campaign last summer against Communist-backed Salvador Allende, Frei promised voters a long list of desperately needed economic and social reforms. Partly because of his personal appeal and partly because of widespread distaste for the Marxist Allende, Frei rolled up the largest plurality in Chilean history. Yet in office he faced a lame-duck Congress, in which his party held a scant 33 of the 192 seats, so few that he was unable to win passage of a single major bill. In the congressional campaign, Frei's party urged the voters to "make a Parliament for Frei." At best, the experts gave Christian Democrats only 65 seats. There were too many parties, too many local issues to drain away votes.

Then came the earthquake. When the last of the 2,300,000 ballots had been counted, Frei's Christian Democrats had won 82 Deputies' seats, a gain of 53, making it the first government party to win an absolute majority

since 1851. In the Senate, where 21 of 45 seats were at stake, the Christian Democrats wound up with 13 seats, up from only four.

The results were more than a surprise victory for Frei. They meant a change in the whole political map of Chile. After last September's presidential elections, the country's radicals, conservatives and liberals claimed that only their support put Frei over the top as President. Last week Frei exploded that myth once and for all, cutting their combined legislative seats from 110 to 46.

How did he do it? "There are a thousand factors," said Frei. Chile is one of the best-educated nations in Latin America, and its voters, with a long tradition of constitutional rule, tend to listen to the issues. There is a rising middle class, weary of inflation and do-nothing government. More essentially, it is Frei himself. Tall and gaunt, he is disarmingly unpretentious, a man who speaks but does not orate. What he says comes across with precision and a sure dedication—and that is apparently what Chileans want. "Few in Chile today," says one diplomat, "can argue with such a clear recognition of what the problems are, topped off with a good-humored informality that suggests nothing is impossible."

On with the Program. To foreign investors, Frei offers lower taxes and other inducements for expanding production; to the *campesino*, land reform; to slum dwellers, state-financed housing; to all taxpayers, an overhaul of the federal bureaucracy and a more efficient use of government funds. His plan to "Chileanize" the copper industry is typical of his give and take. Once Congress approves, the government will acquire a 25% interest in two new U.S. copper ventures and buy a 51% interest in the U.S.'s Braden Copper Co.

The term of the present Congress runs until May 21, and Frei plans to resubmit some of his programs, hoping that the legislators have got the message. After his own Congress takes over, Frei will face the considerable task of turning his campaign promises into reality. The spirit in which he will go about that effort was evident as he spoke to a singing and cheering crowd of 5,000 people who gathered outside Santiago's La Moneda presidential palace to celebrate his triumph.

No words," said President Frei, "could better sum up the impression of this night than your voices shouting 'Viva Chile! Viva Chile!' We accept this mandate as a great call to responsibility. The party that triumphed is great, but we must never forget that Chile is greater still, and that the government, political parties and men do not exist to serve one government or one man. Rather they exist to serve the country and all Chileans."

VENEZUELA

With a Velvet Glove

Unlike Rómulo Betancourt, his friend and fiery predecessor, Venezuela's President Raúl Leoni avoids table-pounding talk and precipitate action. "What I do," he says, "I do after lengthy consultation. A chief of state cannot ignore other voices." Last week, in his first annual message to Congress, Leoni stood for almost three hours in Caracas' capitol building and demonstrated the effects of his velvet glove.

In the past year, Venezuela's gross national product, which rose 5.8% in



LEONI

A shift in the political climate.

1963, increased by more than 7%. Oil production, the economy's overwhelming factor, climbed almost 5%, farm production 7%, manufacturing 11%, mining 25%, and construction a spectacular 75%. As the focus of the boom, Caracas is beginning to look like a Monopoly board near the end of a hot game. On Avenida Francisco Miranda the Caracas branches of Balmain and Cartier, once exclusive hangouts for Venezuela's big rich, now thrive on a growing middle-class trade.

Playing It Cool. The shift in Venezuela's political climate has been just as profound. Under the mercurial Betancourt, Venezuela erupted with fierce political loyalties and hatreds. It was a country where the governing A.D. party split into feuding factions, where Castroites at one time were killing a policeman a day. In his cool, quiet way, Leoni has put on a damper.

Lacking a majority in Congress, Leoni patched up a three-cornered coalition with middle-roading opposition parties. The Christian Democrats, who helped Betancourt govern, have not joined, but they often vote for Leoni legislation. Leoni was in office only nine weeks

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when he eased through his ambitious four-year "Leoni Plan," an \$850 million program to develop the interior, relieve unemployment and stimulate private investment.

Put Those Pistols Down. Leoni's velvet glove even extends to the war on Castroite terrorists. Last December he pushed through a new law that gives convicted terrorists the option of going to jail, being confined to their home areas, or leaving Venezuela altogether. Thus encouraged to give up, a number of tired, hungry revolutionaries have turned themselves in.

Last week Leoni promised Congress more of the same. Between 1965 and 1968, he plans to build 180,000 more homes, expand school enrollment 30%, triple the amount of farm land in production, boost the country's electrical-generating capacity 50%, and encourage such new industries as petrochemicals, metalworking and synthetic fibers. Says Leoni: "Up until now, I am satisfied with having obtained a government of understanding. Now we can achieve our goals."

URUGUAY

Man in the Icebox

Taking into consideration the gravity of the charge leveled against the accused, namely that he personally supervised the killing of more than 30,000 men, women and children, and considering the extreme display of cruelty which the subject showed when carrying out his tasks, the accused *Herberts Cukurs* is hereby sentenced to death. Accused was executed by those who can never forget on the 23rd of February, 1965. His body can be found at Casa Cubertini, Calle Colombia, Séptima Sección del Departamento de Canelones, Montevideo, Uruguay.

That announcement of sentence and execution, in letters arriving simultaneously at the A.P. and Reuters bureaus in Bonn, Germany, and at the U.P.I. office in Frankfurt, was at first dismissed as the work of a crank. The writer turned out to be more than ordinarily insistent. "I am one of those who can never forget," announced a voice over the phone to the A.P. a few days later. "Did you get our letter?" Finally the A.P. sent a routine cable asking its Montevideo bureau to notify Uruguayan police. What they found was anything but routine.

10,600 at Once. Casa Cubertini proved to be a small beach house in a remote suburb of Montevideo. Inside on the floor were two large pools of dried blood, and the walls were a smear of bloodstains. Heavy tracks of blood led into a second room, where police found a locked yellow trunk containing a hammer and the battered body of a man. The head was crushed to a pulp. An air ticket and passport thumbprint identified him as *Herberts Cukurs*, 65, a resident of São Paulo, Brazil.

Cukurs was mentioned several times at the Nürnberg trials as a relatively

minor but extremely vicious Nazi executioner in Latvia. Because his whereabouts was unknown, he was never formally charged. Yet current German and Israeli governments and private Jewish organizations, such as the Federation of Jewish Communities, have a full file on him. On July 4, 1941, according to the federation, he ordered 300 Jews locked in a synagogue in Riga, then set it afire. A few weeks later, he ordered the drowning of 1,200 Jews in a lake at Kuldiga. And on November 30, 1941, says the federation, he participated in the murder of 10,600 people in a single night, personally overseeing the "liquidation" in a forest near Riga.

Cukurs apparently fled to Germany with retreating Nazi troops, and turned up in Brazil in 1946. Feeling himself safe from extradition (Brazilian law



EXECUTIONER CUKURS
By many unforgotten.

prohibits extradition for crimes that could lead to a death penalty), he did not bother to change his name, got married, had three children, and set up a thriving tourist-excursion service, first in Rio, then in São Paulo. His wife recalls no threats, no enemies. She does remember a recent acquaintance who called himself Anton Künzle and cabled Cukurs from Montevideo last Feb. 19, asking him to fly there.

"At Last." In Montevideo meantime, as police reconstructed it, another man calling himself Oswald Heinz Tausig, from Vienna, rented Casa Cubertini for two months and one afternoon moved in a large packing crate—presumably containing the yellow trunk. "At last," he quipped to a neighbor, "we have the icebox." Cukurs arrived in Montevideo Feb. 23 and registered at the Victoria Plaza Hotel about noon. Two hours later, a black Volkswagen rented by Künzle arrived at Casa Cubertini, and Cukurs and a companion walked into the house. An hour later, say neighbors, a group of men left the house and drove off. No one heard anything resembling the sounds of a struggle.

At week's end all the police seemed to have been theories. "Künzle" and

"Tausig" had long since disappeared. Cukurs' son claimed that Soviet agents had killed his father for his harsh wartime treatment of Communists. Nearly everyone else suspected a secret group of Jewish agents. No one in Germany or Israel admits knowledge of a group called "Those Who Can Never Forget." Yet last week, in an anti-Nazi demonstration in Tel Aviv, some marchers carried boldly lettered signs that read: "We can never forget."

COLOMBIA

Kidnaping for More than Money

Murderous banditry bloodied Colombia's countryside for two decades until an all-out effort by the Colombian army last year finally brought a semblance of order to the backlands. Now *la violencia* has broken out in a more subtle form in Colombia's cities. Last week in Medellín, a city of 700,000 northwest of Bogotá, Carlos Mejía, 9, son of one of the country's richest industrialists, was kidnapped as he walked to school; the kidnapers demanded \$180,000 for his safe return. That same day in Bogotá, the wife of a prominent doctor was dragged from her home by three thugs. Says Colombia's National Police Commander Bernardo Camacho Leyva: "Kidnaping threatens to become a worse menace than *la violencia*."

For all its horrors, *la violencia* was sporadic and disorganized. Colombian intelligence experts believe that most of the kidnaping is the work of Castro-Communist terrorists, who see it as a way to spread chaos and buy arms for their Army of Liberation, the guerrilla outfit that invaded the village of Simacota last January. There is certainly money in the racket. In the past year, more than \$1,000,000 in ransom was collected in the 130 kidnaping cases reported to police. Much more was probably squeezed from victims too terrified to tell the law.

In Bogotá, the list of kidnappings has reached the point where the army advises wealthy Colombians to "alter your daily routine, never discuss travel plans among strangers, don't go out alone." Nervous citizens can buy guns from the army to protect themselves; many men keep submachine guns at their side when they drive to work in the morning. In some cases the Communists have used kidnaping threats in an attempt to run both foreign and Colombian industrialists out of the country. Most of the businessmen have sent their families abroad and stayed on—with bodyguards beside them.

At week's end, the doctor's wife was released after her husband agreed to issue a Communist-style statement denouncing the country's social inequalities. The police were luckier with Carlos Mejía. They freed him and arrested four persons, including the Mejía family's ex-chauffeur. But it was one of their few successes. In all the cases reported last year, not a single kidnaper has been brought to trial.

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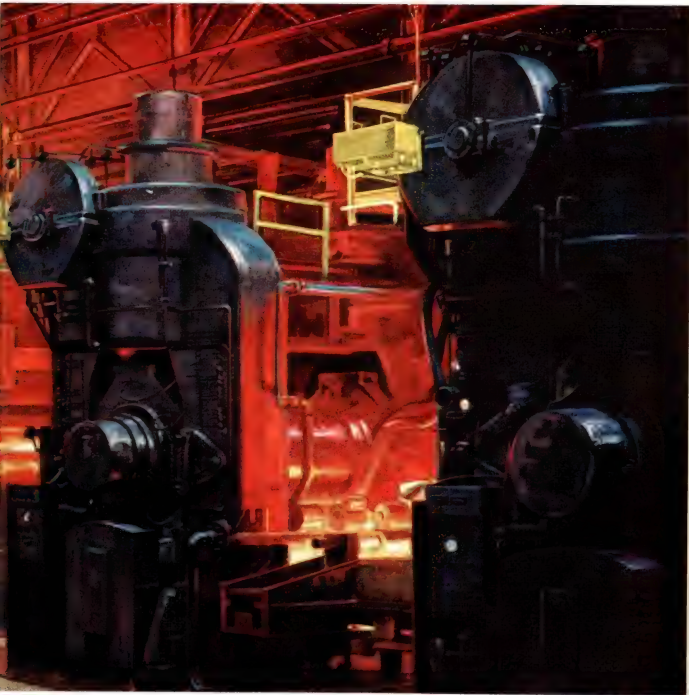
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PEOPLE

It was a career any man could be proud of, leading him from law school through the attorney general's office to become, in 1952, at the age of 34, West Virginia's youngest Governor in history. Four years later, he ran for the Senate but was defeated—and then William C. Marland dropped from public sight. Last week he held a brief press conference in Chicago. A reporter had spotted him behind the wheel of a taxi, making \$70 a week. "I simply fell apart because of my drinking," he said, explaining that he had bounced around from job to job until now he has joined Alcoholics Anonymous and is trying to make a new start. He drives for the Flash Cab Co. twelve hours a day, visits his wife and four children in a Chicago suburb only on weekends while he rehabilitates himself. "I'd like to get back into the mainstream of life," he said. "But not politics."

Was she really in, or way way out? There sat Britain's Princess Margaret, 34, at a rehearsal of the Royal Ballet School's *Prince Igor*, showing quite a bit of black mesh stockings all acrawl with dozens of artificial beetles. Bug beetles, with two e's, if you please. "The Royal Family in kinky"—meaning nonconformist—"stockings at last," chirped the London Sun's Fashion Writer Jean Rook, who then swatted: "Are Margaret's new, or were they hidden away in her bottom drawer?" They cost only 6s. 11d., continued the ruthless Rook, and while they're still the rage in the U.S., the fad is waning in England. Selfridges stopped selling them a year ago

—all of which goes to show that Meg's royal duties obviously leave her little time to think kinky.

Genealogists are digging into the roots of the Roosevelt family tree to find out more about a mid-17th century gentleman recalled by Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., 50. Chatting with newsmen in Washington, the Under Secretary of Commerce explained that although he's related in one way or another to twelve U.S. Presidents, "including my father,"* it really doesn't help much in politics. There is one ancestor with contemporary significance, he added—his great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather, a second-generation American named Humphrey Johnson.

Classic or simply crummy, the bulk of modern English lewd literature first tumbled into print in the Paris loft of Maurice Girodias, 45, proprietor of Olympia Press. Now, laments the first publisher of *Tropic of Cancer*, *The Black Book*, *Lolita*, *Fanny Hill* and *Candy*, "our role is ended." Through the imposition, by his count, of 60 bans, 100 lawsuits and six suspended prison sentences, the French government has finally got through to Girodias. "The astonishing truth is," he says, "that moral and artistic freedom have now become a reality in Britain and the U.S., whereas the same concepts are being denied, denigrated and officially ostracized in France." So Girodias is planning to pack his plain wrappers and open an Olympia office in Manhattan, where, he asserts, "It will only take five or ten years for censorship to disappear completely in America."

There's nothing like a few hours lying on a Florida pad to relax the old muscles. But this pad was at Cape Kennedy, and Astronauts Gus Grissom, 38, and Lieut. Commander John W. Young, 34, could be pardoned for feeling a mite tense. They were on their backs, 100 ft. up, in a sealed Gemini capsule atop a fully fueled Titan II rocket while launching personnel put the spacecraft through a mock countdown. And there they lay for 2 hr. 54 min., while the booster's second stage leaked fuel, a computer went haywire, and enough other foul-ups developed to scrub a real shot. But that's what practices are for, said NASA, holding to its projected launch date of March 22 for the first U.S. two-man mission in space.

Compared to elephant hunting in the jungles of Mysore or bullfighting in Toledo, it should have been child's play.

* Besides Dad: George Washington, John Adams, James Madison, John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren, Zachary Taylor, William Henry Harrison, Ulysses Grant, Benjamin Harrison, Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft.

Confidently the vacationing Shah of Iran, 45, stepped up to the line in a Cambridgeshire pub and lofted three darts at the board. Kerplow, kerplow, two flew wide and dropped to the floor. Setting aside her 'arf pint, Queen Farah Diba, 26, demurely followed her husband to the line. There was a gleam in the lady's eye. Think! Think! Think!



QUEEN FARAH
Unerring thunk!

She neatly ringed the bull's-eye. Farah pooh-poohed it all, but a bricklayer in the public side had an eye for form. "I wouldn't have minded playing him for a fiver," said he.

How 'bout that? Must have been 25 years since that nice Allen boy went away to broadcast baseball in New York, and since the folks down South aren't exactly Yankee lovers, they didn't hear much of his renowned play-by-play. Now Mel Allen, 52, has a little something against those danyankees himself. They fired him. Well, maybe it's all for the best, because the Mellow tones will ring out over his native clay this season. He has signed on to broadcast the Atlanta end of radio and TV coverage for the National League's Milwaukee Braves, who have switched much of their programming to Atlanta prior to moving there in 1966.

"I live and love by no rules but my own," said Brigitte Bardot, 30, and the rules of this particular ménage had a certain touch of Bronx Zoo. On location with Co-Stars Jeanne Moreau and George Hamilton for *Viva Maria!* in Cuernavaca, B.B. set up housekeeping in a sumptuous villa with a whole menagerie of cuddly companions: a dog, a rabbit, two ducks, a chicken, and Playboy Bob Zagury, production assistant on the set, whose off-duty role sometimes gets pretty beastly. "Last night he was very angry," she told newsmen candidly. "The rabbit was very naughty in the bed."



PRINCESS MARGARET
Unthinking kinky?

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UNIVERSITIES

Stiffening the Spine

At a time when student unrest on the University of California's Berkeley campus seemed to be simmering down, a handful of cause-hunting students and some off-campus beatniks suddenly began shouting obscene words into a public-address system at Sproul Hall and displaying them on signs. The reaction of Berkeley police against what quickly got dubbed the "filthy speech movement" was swift: nine demonstrators were arrested (six turned out not to be registered students).

The reaction of University President Clark Kerr was slower. Two regents from Los Angeles, Board Chairman Edward Carter and Oilman Edwin Pauley, telephoned him and told him that the student offenders must be disciplined by the university too. Kerr agreed that discipline was due, but hesitated. Since last December's student uprising, it has become customary at Cal to let civil courts handle students involved in violations of the law. Kerr feared that adding a university punishment would be taken as breaking an understanding with the thousands of students who had crusaded against such "double jeopardy." He foresaw a renewal of the whole Free Speech Movement uprising.

Triple Scolding. Given the widespread public and student repugnance to the supporters of obscenity, Kerr might not have had to be so fastidious. Instead, he passed the buck to two faculty committees that had been set up to handle problems of student conduct in borderline areas between scholarly discipline and lawbreaking. But in this case both refused to act. Regent Carter telephoned Kerr again, told him that if he did not punish the offenders, the regents would



STUDENT PROTEST RALLY AT ST. JOHN'S
Awakening from silent-generation apathy.

do so. Kerr thought that left him too little room to maneuver. He and the able new head of the Berkeley campus, Acting Chancellor Martin Meyerson, debated a bit, then told Carter that they both intended to resign.

Kerr later put out an explanatory statement that seemed to scold the regents ("Offenders must be disciplined, but due process must have its due place"), the faculty ("Faculty committees should not seek to avoid their responsibility"), and students ("Academic institutions have traditionally set standards of moral and ethical behavior conducive to their principles"). But he implied that his resignation was not irrevocable, saying that it was "not my inclination."

A Lot More. It was revocable, all right. But it took an emergency weekend meeting of the regents nearly six hours to decide whether Kerr should be asked to withdraw his resignation, and on what terms. The board finally agreed not to interfere directly with Kerr's administration, but it stiffened his spine with resolutions declaring that 1) students must observe "proper standards of conduct in good taste," and 2) university chancellors of all campuses are expected to discipline those who misbehave. "A lot of air has been cleared," said Kerr. But the forecast was for still more smog.

STUDENTS

The Berkeley Effect

Spring usually generates a mild lunacy in the American college student; this year it is bringing a radical testing of law and the university, all with candid disregard for consequences. To students across the country—or at least to that bright, neurotic tenth of them who make themselves visible—the effect of

six months of tumult at Berkeley has been to show, as Yale Student Bruce Payne expresses it, that "students have become somebody in being able to act together."

Coed Sleep-Out. On the normally casual campus of the University of Kansas in Lawrence, 113 students were arrested last week when they refused to leave a hallway outside Chancellor W. Clarke Wescoe's office, protesting segregation in K.U. fraternities and sororities. At the University of Washington in Seattle, students were loudly objecting to forced membership in the student association. At the University of Chicago, 200 students shivered in wind-driven snow on the main quadrangle to sing freedom songs, while coeds threatened a "sleep-out" to protest curfew hours.

At New York City's St. John's University, biggest Roman Catholic school in the U.S., students broke a tradition of obedience by joining in support of some 200 faculty members who had walked out of a faculty meeting to demand salary increases and greater academic freedom. Rejecting the "reactionary paternalism at St. John's," students claimed that the administration had kept them from hearing such speakers as Socialist Norman Thomas. Senators Kenneth Keating and Robert Kennedy, Malcolm X and Madame Nhu. They composed a protest song, which began:

*Here at St. John's the avant-garde
Is something like weeds you dig out
of your yard.*

A couple of hundred Yale students sorrowfully demonstrated to mourn the loss of popular Philosophy Associate Professor Richard Bernstein (TIME, March 12) after the philosophy department reversed itself and voted 5-2 against recommending tenure for him. "We watched a number of good teach-



U.C.'S KERR & CARTER
Discipline was overdue.

ers getting the ax," explained Yale News Chairman Howard Moffett. "After a while you feel that you have to say something." Yale President Kingman Brewster Jr. effectively closed the Bernstein case when he returned from a Bahamas vacation and announced that he would not overrule the tenure committee's adverse decision. But he also praised the students for their "zeal, good will and responsibility," promised to try to improve the techniques for "judging a man's work, especially as a teacher."

"A Holy Discontent." The new student mood takes many forms, but the great common lever back of it is civil rights: by combining idealism, emotional appeal, techniques, and proof that students can act effectively, this cause has lifted students out of their silent-generation apathy of the late '50s. Students from Yale, Harvard and Princeton were well represented at Selma last week: Mario Savio, the original free-speech leader at Berkeley, showed up too. And a healthy thing it is, insists St. John's Sociology Professor William Osborne: "This generation of students has what other generations have lacked—a holy discontent, courage, and the willingness to sacrifice."

Now, in its advanced forms, student thinking is going beyond civil rights and beyond the simple idealism that led many into tutoring slum kids or into the Peace Corps. The new goal is equality of all sorts—not only between races but on such campus issues as the relationships between students and faculty, faculty and administration, students and administration. "We are seeing a great and potentially constructive awakening on the part of the students to their own stake in education," says Yale's Brewster. "There are some who think this is a question of almost having the students take over the management of educational enterprises, which is absurd. But it is just as absurd to say the students should be ignored."

Taking Ideals Seriously. Notes of despair and hysteria can be heard through the pervasive restlessness. "Students are drifters; that's what worries them," says University of Chicago Senior Kathy Bailey. Graduate Student Fred Kuretski, at the University of Washington, believes that "religion no longer works properly for the student in trying to confront the chaos of his own existence: his father's politics don't work for him any more; he begins to resist the old forms—the money morality, inequality of races, brutality of foreign policy, the mechanization of university life."

Berkeley Sociologist Seymour M. Lipset notes that "youths generally take the ideals of their society very seriously—they don't take the imperfections in that society for granted the way adults do." This is obviously healthy, but Lipset also views students as "marginal individuals—insecure about their future, their sex relations, their identity," largely without responsibilities and prone to abuse legitimate techniques. "The tactic of civil disobedience used justly in civil rights demonstrations is now being used unjustly for other purposes and could result in a breakdown of respect for law," he warns.

The vice chancellor at Berkeley, Alex Sherriffs, is similarly concerned about the student trends but feels it is more a case of most students' remaining silent while extremists take control. "Society is in trouble only when the middle section is quiet—and it's in trouble," says Sherriffs, citing the filthy-speechers at Berkeley to support the point. The conduct of ten male students at Pennsylvania's Washington and Jefferson College last week supported him. They paraded through a Washington, Pa., hotel lobby early one morning clad only in short T-shirts. They were arrested for disorderly conduct.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Catching Failures in Time

Students may fail to live up to their potential in early grades for complex and varying reasons, but that very failure often triggers a common result: the pupil steadily slides farther behind, gets tagged as a dullard, loses confidence in his ability to compete. In a drastic attempt to check that slide, North Carolina's public-school system is pulling such "underachievers" out of their home schools and into a costly public boarding school in Winston-Salem—with remarkable success.

The school's first eleven-week class of 140 boys is about to graduate. All are eighth-graders recommended for the training by their local principals or superintendents because despite signs of roughly normal intelligence they were either failing or were at least a grade behind in reading. In fact, 80 of the boys were 3½ grades behind. They come from such varied backgrounds as affluent suburbs, private schools, impoverished rural or mountain areas,



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meets the high

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"Crazy as Hell." The boys live in groups of six or fewer in a remodeled city hospital, with one counselor assigned to each 15 students for 24-hour guidance. Class sizes range from 20 down to individual tutoring. Reading clinics never have more than five students. The concentrated instruction is confined to basic reading, writing, and arithmetic, relies on oral explanations, uses no standard texts. The school's accent is on the positive: boys earn merits, never demerits, are rewarded progressively with a school jacket, pins for the jacket, a school sweater.

When the school's boyish-looking director, Dr. Gordon McAndrew, 38, a University of California Ph.D. who had headed a \$2,000,000 project for the slum kids of Oakland's public schools, first heard of the North Carolina plan, he scoffed: "Anybody who'd get involved in that must be crazy as hell." But he did. Now he calls it "the most exciting experiment in education in America today." The thrill, he explains, comes in plucking the slipping student out of his failure-filled environment at the eighth-grade level—"about the last point of intervention where you can hope to make a difference"—and helping him discover that "the experience of success is exhilarating."

Teachers Who Explain. Some of the boys dropped out, one because he missed his hunting dog. Of the 140 who stayed, only ten showed little or no improvement in their 3-R skills. The progress of 55 boys was classed as "extremely positive." McAndrew reports that "the vast majority" grew in "poise and responsiveness." A retiring 14-year-old with a thumb-sucking habit turned into a conversational leader. Wrote one mother about her son: "It seems hardly possible how much he has matured. He has found himself." Says Student Dewey Long: "The teachers here explain a subject so that I can understand it. There were lots of things I never did understand at home."

The school's real test will come when the boys return home. "It is naive to think all will make good," admits McAndrew, "but I'm now convinced some of them will." Not the least of the school's results is that its current supplementary staff of 16 visiting teachers shares McAndrew's enthusiasm, expects to spread new attitudes among other teachers in their home schools.

One such attitude is a new skepticism over any attempts to classify children rigidly by intelligence ratings. This practice, says McAndrew, leads many teachers to "consign kids to an educational trash heap." The North Carolina experiment—now set up on a permanent basis with more applicants, girls as well as boys, than it can handle—has shown that the attitude of both the teacher and the taught is far more meaningful than a student's IQ.



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MUSIC

AVANT-GARDE

Did You Ever, Ever, Ever

A hundred metronomes went tick-tack, tick-tack during the 15-minute performance of Györgi Ligeti's composition, *Poème Symphonique*. A toy gun popped, a yellow umbrella flipped open, while Soloist David Tudor banged directly on the piano strings with a hammer, executing John Cage's *Concert for Piano and Orchestra*. The movie collage *Breathdeath* offered a drawn foot coming out of Richard Nixon's mouth. In French Playwright Eugene Ionesco's one-acter, *Bedlam Galore*, for *Two or More*, "She" and "He" quarreled, and quarreled some more, while a civil war went on outside and the roof and walls caved in to illustrate Ionesco's philosophy that life is absurd. Electrically powered kinetic sculpture by Len Iye and Nicolas Schoeffel moved, twisted, roared and thumped at the Albright-Knox Art Gallery. All this and more galore was part of the two-week Buffalo Festival of the Arts Today, perhaps the most all-encompassing, hip, without, avant-garde presentation in the U.S. to date.

Photographers in the House? But clearly the sensation of the festival was the dance mercifully called *Untitled*. To the taped sound of rolling stones, the reading of passages from Da Vinci's *Notebooks*, an aria from Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*, and the choreographer's taped comments (sample: "If you are taking photographs now, let us know later"), Yvonne Rainer, 30, and Robert Morris, 34, in a tight embrace, moved across stage in slow motion for eight minutes—stark naked. "I am a sculptor and like nude bodies," explains Dance Choreographer Morris. The audience took it all with a nervous laugh.

The Festival of the Arts Today was



LUKAS FOSS

Bedlam, summa cum hip.

organized by the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, with the cooperation of the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra, the New York State Council on the Arts, and the State University of New York at Buffalo. Most of the money came from a foundation set up by Investment Banker Seymour Knox, 66, longtime avant-garde art angel. Some conservative-minded Buffalonians were indignant at spending tens of thousands of dollars to stage the "popping of balloons and manipulation of plumbing plungers."

Is it Art? But the festival has served as a catalyst—and this is the essential thing, says Lukas Foss, conductor of the Buffalo Philharmonic. "The entire city is talking about it—there are strong comments, pro and con. It is not important what we like or don't like. The question 'Is it art, or isn't it art?' is not as vital as the fact that it is here and we have to know it—this is informative."

What heartened the sponsors most was the phenomenal public interest in a city of 530,000. About 150,000 people saw the art exhibit, 3,000 attended the U.S. première of the four Ionesco one-act plays, 6,500 listened to the concerts. Says Albright-Knox Director Gordon Smith: "Buffalo was ready for this sort of avant-garde show."

SINGERS

The Unhokey Okie

*Trailers for sale or rent,
Rooms to let fifty cents,
No phone, no pool, no pets,
Ain't got no cigarettes.
Ah but two hours of pushin' broom
Buys an eight-by-twelve four-bit
room.
I'm a man of means,
By no means,
King of the road.*

With a plinking background and a beat that makes it sound somehow like a lilted dirge, that bit of drifter's lingo is the hottest item on the current top pop charts. Out less than two months, *King of the Road* passed the three-quarters of a million sales mark last week, is fourth and soaring on this week's *Billboard* listing. The lyrics, music and vocal are all by a personable young man named Roger Miller, 29. He is no new Beatle, but he has got what they call something. Raised in Oklahoma on a farm and a fiddle, he owes an obvious debt to the country and Western tradition, but mostly he owes a debt to himself. "The things I tried to do like somebody else always came out different," he says. "It was frustrating—until I learned I'm the only one that knows what I'm thinking."

Unimposing Sounds. What he's thinking is very much his own. "You can't roller-skate in a buffalo herd," suggests his favorite song, "but you can be happy if you've a mind to." In a twangy



ROGER MILLER
Korea, Clash of '52

baritone that is happy scatting, whoop-whooping, country yodeling or just plain singing, he has recorded 25 songs on two LPs, all but one of them his own. But somehow his name is not widely known. It is probably because he does not impose himself, any more than he imposes his lyrics.

Privately, Miller rides a Honda, drives a Lincoln Continental, and bites his nails; publicly, he comes on like an abashed pixie. And the lulled listener may miss the humor in a sound like "good ain't fer ever and bad ain't fer good." Playing tricks with words is his lyrical delight: "The moon is high and so am I / The stars are out, and so will I be—pretty soon. / But come the dawn and it will dawn on me you're gone." That sounds like pretty fluid stuff, particularly the way his pronounced but easily understood accent runs it together.

Bars & Stripes. His humor spills over into his conversation too. "My parents were so poor I was made in Japan," he reveals with an easygoing delivery that takes the slickness off it. His college education he describes as "Korea, Clash of '52." After that it was bell-hopping in Nashville, the country music capital, for a dime a week and tips. He had been writing and singing songs since Korea, "though I don't know a bar from a stripe: I just sing through my nose by ear."

It wasn't until last year that Miller's break came with an album of his "goofy" songs, which included *Damn Me* and *Chug-A-Lug*. "I guess the reason a person writes," he says, "is he's not satisfied with what the world has and figures he can do better." But Miller is content just commenting. Observes one of his songs:

*Squares make the world go round,
Sounds profane; sounds profound.
But government things can't be
made do
By hipsters wearing rope-soled shoes.*

THE LAW

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

The Arts of Arrest

On their way home one night last fall, two Chicago cops heard a passer-by yell that two "crazy men" were around the corner. The crazy men turned out to be a couple of tipsy young Puerto Ricans; the cops drew their pistols and ordered one of the youths to drop the broken beer bottle he was carrying. According to the cops, the bottle carrier answered by yelling, "Come and get it, coppers!" In the dust-up that followed, he slashed Patrolman Thomas De Sutter's face. De Sutter, who was also accidentally shot in the foot by his partner, Patrolman Raymond Howard, had to spend 23 days in the hospital.

The two Puerto Ricans, Jesse Rodriguez and Simon Suarez, went to jail, charged with aggravated battery. Last week they were set free because Judge George N. Leighton ruled that they had acted in "self-defense."

The decision incensed Chicago cops, and state legislators angrily talked impeachment. But Judge Leighton, a Negro, a noted former criminal lawyer, and a magna Harvard Law graduate, stood his ground. He insisted that "a policeman has no right to pull a gun unless he knows a felony is being committed." Carrying a broken beer bottle is no crime, said Leighton. Besides, "How do we know that these men, who are unable to speak English, said what these officers say they said?" Ruled Judge Leighton: "The right to resist unlawful arrest is a phase of self-defense."

Unhealthy Resistance. The reasonable answer would seem to be: submit now and sue later for false arrest. It is legal to resist illegal arrest in 47 states, but the right goes back to a day when armed citizens combatted weak police to avoid harsh imprisonment. Today

the equation is so changed that it rarely pays to resist.

The law says that arrest is "taking a person into custody that he may be held to answer for a crime." The Fourth Amendment, which bans "unreasonable searches and seizures," sets an arrest standard of "probable cause," meaning sufficient evidence to convince a prudent man that an offense has been or is being committed. In short, arrest for mere suspicion is unconstitutional—though it is so widely practiced in crime-ridden slum areas that about 100,000 such arrests a year are openly listed in the FBI's *Uniform Crime Reports*.

Unwittingly Unlawful. Arrest is almost always lawful when police produce a judge-signed warrant specifying the charges, which the person arrested is entitled to read. Local police, however, rarely have the opportunity to use arrest warrants. Unlike federal agents, they confront hit-run crimes that leave little time for investigation to nail down probable cause. Typically, local police arrest first, then question suspects to build cases.

Even so, arrest without a warrant is perfectly constitutional when police reasonably believe that a felony has been committed and that the person to be arrested committed it. Police may also arrest anyone for misdemeanors that constitute a "breach of the peace" committed in their presence. (Threatening someone with a broken bottle would qualify in most courts.) But other kinds of misdemeanors generally require warrants. And because felonies may be confused with misdemeanors, police sometimes unwittingly make unlawful arrests.

The mistake can be fatal; it is legal for a cop to use all necessary force, even to kill a fleeing felon; but his power to use force is much more limited in the case of a fleeing misdemeanor. There comes a point when the arrestee

may be subject to murder charges—and when the arrestee is entitled to shoot back in self-defense.

Search for Balance. To bypass such complexities of arrest, some states have invented "pre-arrest detention." This device was designed to permit police to act on "reasonable suspicion" rather than the higher standard of "reasonable belief." Delaware, Rhode Island and New Hampshire have adopted the Uniform Arrest Act, which allows a policeman to stop, question, detain and frisk any person "whom he has reasonable ground to suspect" of having committed a crime. Unless there is probable cause for actual arrest, the person must be released after two hours.

This amounts to "investigative arrest"—already widespread in many states. But knowledgeable lawyers say the practice may flunk a Supreme Court test. As a compromise, New York's new "stop and frisk" law imitates the Uniform Arrest Act—except that suspects may not be detained if the frisk or questioning fails to yield probable cause for actual arrest.

Before the stop and frisk law was passed, a thief could sometimes beat arrest in New York even if a cop caught him carrying concealed loot—unless the cop reasonably believed beforehand that a theft had been committed. But even the new New York law is not necessarily constitutional. If detention really means arrest, then it must meet the standards of probable cause. And recent Supreme Court decisions indicate that state courts must exclude evidence seized during searches accompanying arrests made without probable cause. In short, a search cannot be justified by its fruits alone.

Relaxed Standards. The Supreme Court, though, is well aware of public cries that "the pendulum has swung too far in favor of criminals." And to redress the balance, the court may devise more relaxed standards. As the court said in 1960: "What the Constitution



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When in doubt, submit—and sue later.



JUDGE LEIGHTON

forbids is not all searches and seizures, but unreasonable searches and seizures." As an instance, the court in 1963 upheld the right of California police to make an arrest and search after they entered a narcotics peddler's room with a passkey but without a warrant.

Those who yearn to see New York's law upheld avidly quote the court's California decision: "The states are not precluded from developing workable rules to meet the practical demands of effective criminal investigation and law enforcement in the states, provided that the rules do not violate the Constitution's proscription of unreasonable searches and seizures."

Of Families & Fools

Few constitutional phrases are expanding faster than the Sixth Amendment's guarantee that every criminal defendant shall "have the assistance of counsel for his defense." In 1963, the Supreme Court extended that right to all defendants in all state criminal trials (*Gideon v. Wainwright*). In 1964, the Court ruled that a suspect is entitled to a lawyer as soon as the police start grilling him in the station house (*Escobedo v. Illinois*). Lower courts are now catching on fast. Items:

► In New York, the State Supreme Court's Appellate Division reversed a murder conviction and ordered a new trial because a man had not been allowed to see his family before confessing to the police. Richard Taylor, 25, had no lawyer when police questioned him in the fatal shooting of a Harlem hill collector. Taylor said that police also denied his request to see his relatives. Found guilty and sentenced to life, Taylor appealed. Even if a suspect does not "rationalize his reasons for asking for his family," ruled the court, "we must assume that he makes such request to obtain help; and he is entitled to have the benefit of their advice, which may include the retention of counsel for him." In short, a suspect's request to see his family may be the only way to protect his right to counsel.

► In Brooklyn, ex-Convict George Maldonado had apparently never heard of the old legal maxim that "the man who defends himself has a fool for a client." "Your Honor, I don't feel that this man, in eight or ten minutes, can defend me," Maldonado protested, after a court had assigned a Legal Aid Society lawyer to handle his latest trial for burglary. "I want to act as my own attorney." The judge refused the request. Maldonado wound up in Sing Sing prison. But U.S. District Judge Charles H. Tenney granted Maldonado a conditional writ of habeas corpus on the ground that "one of the most fundamental prerequisites of a fair trial is the right of the accused to defend himself either in person or by counsel of his own choosing." Failing the latter, said Tenney, a defendant's right to be his own lawyer is "unquestionably protected" by the U.S. Constitution.

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KEANE IN SLIDE
New cap for an unswollen 7½.

BASEBALL

Redbirds on the Grapefruit

He stood there in the Florida sunshine, watching his ballplayers work the winter kinks out of their muscles and smoothing imaginary wrinkles out of his pinstriped flannel shirt. "How does it fit, Johnny?" a friend asked. Johnny Keane grinned and pointed to the letters that spelled NEW YORK across his chest. "I hardly ever glance down any more," he said.

Not that he was awed. After 35 years in baseball, nothing awes Johnny Keane. 53. "My red cap with a cardinal on it was size 7½," he says, "and my blue cap with NY on it is still 7½." But there was a little something extra special about this uniform. Last year, with his job hanging in the balance, Keane led the St. Louis Cardinals to the National League pennant and a thrilling World Series victory over the New York Yankees. Then he marched into Owner Gussie Busch's office when it was all over and told him where to put the \$35,000 contract Gussie belatedly offered to renew. Now Johnny is getting \$45,000 to boss the Yanks, and he stands a good chance of becoming the first manager in baseball history to win successive pennants in two different leagues.

Moon Over Miami. The Yankees used to spend spring training chasing the moon over Miami. No more. Warned Keane: "A cocktail before dinner is all right. Getting plastered, no." He hired former New York Giants End Andy Robustelli to run the Yanks' calisthenics. "Now I know how the Cardinals won," wheezed Mickey Mantle. "They outconditioned everybody else."

What's more, Keane was determined to win his share of ball games in the Grapefruit League, something the lordly Yanks have often considered beneath their dignity. "I don't want the people in New York reading about losses," he said. He ordered extra bunting practice for Yankee pitchers, extra running for the hitters, even took a turn in the



SCHOENDIENST IN RUNDOWN

sliding pit himself. After the Yanks barely edged Washington 4-3 last week on homers by Mantle and Catcher Elston Howard, Keane sounded mad enough to quit again. "We made at least four mistakes," he complained. The Yanks promptly blasted the Baltimore Orioles 10-2, and bookmakers made them 2-1 favorites to win their sixth straight American League pennant. Grinned Keane: "This is one job I'm not gonna quit. They're gonna have to fire me."

Running the Roost. And what was happening to the Cards without Keane? Nothing so terrible. Another old Redbird was running the roost: Red Schoendienst, 42, the second most popular man in St. Louis—next to Stan Musial, of course. Stricken with tuberculosis in 1958, Schoendienst had part of a lung removed, came back to bat .300 in both 1961 and 1962. Red worked as a coach for Keane last year, and he obviously picked up a few pointers. He announced a midnight curfew, took to the field himself to demonstrate how to elude a rundown.

Then the World Champion Cards showed what they could do, choking off a bases-loaded, nobody-out rally in the ninth inning to beat the New York Mets 2-1. "We ought to be stronger than last year," said Schoendienst. Oddsmakers picked the Cardinals as no better than third choice (behind the Los Angeles Dodgers and Philadelphia Phillies) to win their way into another World Series. But who cares about odds anyway? Last year on August 1 the Cards were still in sixth place.

ICE HOCKEY

Aged on the Rink

It was the night of Feb. 6. The league-leading Chicago Black Hawks were playing the Toronto Maple Leafs, and all eyes were on Chicago's great Bobby Hull as he picked up the loose puck and rocketed down the rink. Hull had already scored one goal (his 38th in 48 games), and he was taking aim

again when—cof!—Bob Baum hit him with a crunching body check. Hull crumpled to the ice with pulled ligaments in his knee. In that instant, the whole National Hockey League season turned topsy-turvy.

Hull has not scored a goal since. The Black Hawks, who led the league by as much as four points, have won only one of their last six games. And out of the shambles have risen the Detroit Red Wings. Detroit has not won the N.H.L. championship since 1957; on Feb. 6, the Red Wings were mired in fourth place, trailed only by the hapless New York Rangers and Boston Bruins. Last week the Red Wings edged New York 6-5 and Montreal 3-2, clobbered Toronto 4-2, and took over undisputed possession of first place. A few nights later, the Wings finally had their winning string snapped—after seven straight—by the Montreal Canadiens, 4-2. But with only seven games to play, they still led the N.H.L. by a full game.

Better All the Time. Obviously there is no substitute for experience. The Red Wings are so old that some of them are childhood heroes of the men they play against. At 36, in his 19th big-league season, Gordie Howe is the top scorer in N.H.L. history (590 goals), and he seems to get better all the time. Last week Gordie scored two goals against Toronto, assisted on another, and ran his season's total to 63 points—fourth highest in the league. Defenseman Bill Gadsby, 37, has also been around for 19 years; in that time, he has had his left leg broken twice, both big toes fractured, his nose broken seven times,

KEN HIGAN



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Getting about is fun for all the family. Motorbike from one end of the island to the other. (Do keep to the left—we drive British! But our speed limit's a sane 20 m.p.h. And smaller children may ride pillion.) Sight-see in a horse-drawn Victoria. Village-hop in a ferry boat. Or take a fringe-topped taxi, and listen to your driver's accent as he points out passion-flower, *banah-na* grove.

Fish without hooks at Devil's Hole and "catch" a huge turtle or a grouper. The ardent anglers in your family will prefer deep-sea fishing for wily game fish in which our waters

abound. Fighting marlin, yellowtail, wahoo.

By night, let nanny bed down the babies. (Your hotel, cottage colony or guest house knows any number of nice babysitters.) Then head out, the two of you, for cocktails and



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ing this advanced system in plants all over the country and building Granu-Flow rail cars, too.

Developing this better way to move flour, clay, cement, chemicals and the like, is an example of the inventiveness at work at B.F. Goodrich. If you'd like more information, write the President's Office, The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio 44318.

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Less than a month out of New York, hull down with cargo for California, the clipper ship *Neptune's Car* encountered multiple misfortune. Captain Joshua Patten had to depose his chief mate for insubordination. Then soon after, he and the two remaining officers fell helplessly ill of malaria.

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For 55 hard-driving days she captained the clipper as it sped down the Atlantic, swept around the Horn, and skimmed up the Pacific. On November 13, 1856, the ship safely entered the Golden Gate. The cargo she delivered would be worth \$10,000,000 today.

The Atlantic gave Mrs. Patten a generous reward, for

the cargo was covered by an Atlantic policy. Most cargo was in those days. Shippers knew Atlantic stood by its word, paid claims promptly and ungrudgingly. That's the marine insurance way of doing business. This broad-minded approach and spirit of always doing what's best for the policyholder has guided Atlantic for 123 years.

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THE ATLANTIC COMPANIES

ATLANTIC MUTUAL • CENTENNIAL • 45 Wall Street, New York

both thumbs smashed, and 500 stitches taken in his face.

Then there is Ted Lindsay. After four years as a respectable, golf-playing Detroit businessman, "Terrible Ted," 39, is back on the ice—scoring 13 goals, and belting opponents around with such undisguised glee that he has already spent 159 minutes in the penalty box—second only to Toronto's "Bad Boy" Carl Brewer.

Four for Three. At season's start, the experts picked Detroit to finish no better than fourth. "Too old," they said—and worse yet, the Red Wings were playing with a rookie goalie, Roger Crozier, who had been traded away as hopeless by the Black Hawks. Only 5 ft. 8 in. and 150 lbs., Crozier has a nervous stomach ("I worry a lot"), and no less an authority than Jacques Plante—six-time winner of the Vezina Trophy as the N.H.L.'s top goalie—flatly predicted that Roger would never make it in the big time. Last week Plante was down in the minors, tending net for Baltimore in the American Hockey League. Crozier, with six shutouts and an average of only 2.4 goals allowed per game, was leading the race for the Vezina Trophy.

To spare his aging stars, Detroit Coach Sid Abel makes full use of an old pro football tactic: free substitution. All other N.H.L. teams operate with three offensive lines, alternate them every 2½ min. or so, Abel uses four lines, substitutes every 1½ min. "Play twice as hard for half the time," he tells the players. "The big secret around here is the spirit," says Ted Lindsay. "I'm happy. We're all happy. And we're going to win this thing." They just might, at that.

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► Evansville: an 85-82 overtime victory over Southern Illinois, to clinch its second straight N.C.A.A. small-college basketball championship, end the season with an unblemished 29-0 record; at Evansville, Ind.

► Gun Bow: the 14-mile Donn Handicap, by three widening lengths; at Florida's Gulfstream Park. Conceding anywhere from 2 to 19 lbs. to his five rivals, including Rex Ellsworth's Candy Spots and Ernest Woods's Lt. Stevens, Gun Bow ran just as a 7-10 favorite should—leading from wire to wire, romping to an easy victory worth \$36,650.

► Russia: a 3-1 victory over previously unbeaten Czechoslovakia, thereby clinching the world amateur ice hockey championship; in Tampere, Finland. Content to protect a 2-0 first-period lead, the smooth-skating Russians kept one man back on defense for the rest of the game, coasted to their sixth victory without a loss. The outclassed U.S. team, which had lost five straight, finally managed a 4-0 victory over Good Host Finland.



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MODERN LIVING

FASHION

The Facts of the Matter

To fashion's delight and men's despair, women and foundation garments have been inseparable for years. Feast or famine, thick or thin (most likely) they have clung to each other, lending ironclad support here (with a corset), whaleboned comfort there (with a waist cincher), out-and-out camouflage (with a wire-braided bustle or a foam-rubber bust) as far as the eye could see. Trou-

likely to stop traffic, start riots, and end up as exhibits in night court. Even those with a bit more substance to them, like Bien Jolie's flowered-net version (\$11) and Warner's "The Body" (\$12.50), are sheer enough to read through, small print included. As for girdles, most, like Gossard's Lycra net (\$4) and Formfit's hip-rider (\$4), offer low-down control in only a seam or two: the rest is up to the customer.

Those who like their lingerie brief and to the point can slip into Warner's combination bra-slip (\$11) or Olga's lace-trimmed romper (\$6). Finally, Formfit/Rogers has something that occurs in one fell swoop: its so-called "Bathing Suit" (\$12.50) is not only buckless and practically frontless but scooped away at the midriff until there is almost nothing left. But that, of course, is the whole idea.

HOBBIES

Spin-Out on the Slots

The air shimmers with tension in the crowded room. All eyes are focused on the action at the tables. The players hunch over the board, sweating with strain; and when they leave, whether in victory or defeat, their hands shake for minutes.

It is this same glittering casino, where fortunes change hands on the turn of a card, sending dinner-jacketed bankrupts out onto the beach to blow their brains out? Far from it. This is the U.S.'s latest mania: slot-car racing.

Slot-car racing seems to have been invented in England, but it might have been made to order for the U.S. market. Model builders and tinkers have almost unlimited scope for fiddling the

hours away with a tool kit; automobile buffs can at last possess that low-slung Ferrari or that hot-rod Model A (or both); will-to-winners can frazzle their adrenals with high-test competition, and Walter Mittys can pocket-pocket to a screaming finish in the Grand Prix without risk of fracturing their spectacles.

Way of Life. A slot car is a plastic scale model of a real car. It runs on a slotted track. A fin under the nose of the car fits into the slot but does not lock there—nothing but the car's weight keeps it in place. Power is provided by electric current picked up by brushes that run along the metal strips flanking the slot. Race tracks have from four to six slots running parallel, each connected to a rheostat to enable the "driver" to control the car's speed. Herein lies the skill: going into a turn too fast will result in a "spin-out," as it does in a real car.

Cars are made in several scales: most popular is 1 to 24. Speeds scale accordingly: 15 m.p.h. on the 1/24 scale is the equivalent of about 300 m.p.h. In slot-car drag races, where there are no curves and speed is the only criterion, the little cars can accelerate to as much as 600 m.p.h. scale speed, creating the aerodynamic problem of how to keep them from becoming airborne.

Such speeds were made possible by the invention in the early '30s of an aluminum-nickel-cobalt alloy known commercially as alnico, which has magnetic properties that enable the cars' tiny motors to rev up to as much as a staggering 25,000 r.p.m. They buzzed over from England to the U.S. about ten years ago, but only in the last year or so have they moved out of the hobby shops and the subteen set to become a full-scale way of life. Epicenter of the new wave is California, where there are



"BATHING SUIT"

"BODY"

Feast or famine without fudge.

ble was, the eye could never see far enough to know for sure where the padding left off and the girl began. Now, at long last, it is all quite clear. Thanks to the Nude Look, there is barely an undergarment around that will fudge the facts of the matter, afford a torso in distress the hidden means by which private deficits have been passing, through the centuries, for assets in public.

For the game is up. No longer required to cinch, clinch, cushion or cover up, the new lightweight underwear makes only the slightest pretext at serious figure control, concentrates on "caressing" the body, rather than curtailing it, on "skimming" across the bosom, not shaping it, on "careening" around the bottom, not controlling it. Presumed at first to be gags, items like Rudi Gernreich's no-bra bra and Warner's body stockings instead have proved pacesetters for a rash of stretchable flesh-colored garments that look like a second skin, feel far silkier than the first.

Brassieres like Maidenform's nylon net (\$4) and Vanity Fair's stretch band (\$4) are every bit as rudimentary as Rudi's: they may get by splayed out on a department-store counter, but displayed—even on 100% synthetic mannequins—in show windows, they are



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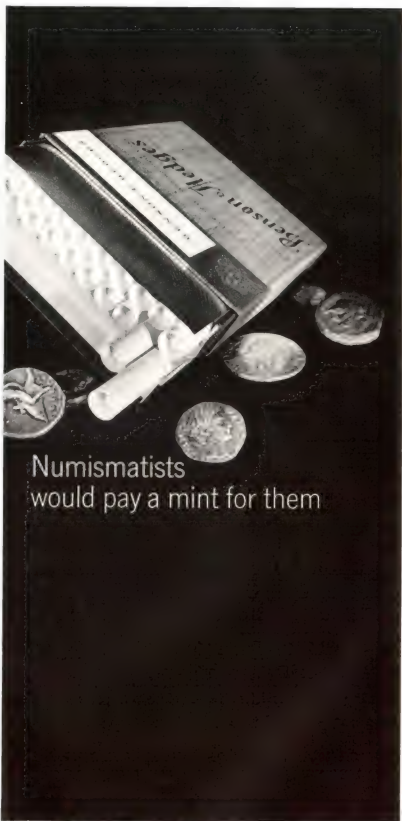
now about 300 slot shops, as the racing centers are called, and in the San Francisco area alone, there are at least nine tournaments every weekend. Just in the past year, 20 new tracks have opened in Phoenix, 25 in Chicago. The East has yet to feel the full impact, but without doubt it impends.

Verisimilitude Buffs. Basically there are two kinds of tracks—those that emphasize speed, which tend to be simple ovals, and those that go in for elaborate verisimilitude to real auto racing. This includes elaborate landscaping, grandstands filled with spectators in highly individualized attitudes, pit mechanics, starters, news photographers and such-plus gadgets to imitate the scream of an engine or to cause a simulated blowout in an opponent's car. One of the more sophisticated of these is a device that simulates a car's change in weight as its gasoline is used up by feeding more current to it with a timing device, then cutting off the current entirely when it "runs out of gas." The verisimilitude fanatics often insist on carefully modeled drivers in their carefully scaled Jaguars, Cobras, Aston-Martins, etc. On 24-hour endurance runs, the lights may be turned off during the night hours, forcing "drivers" to rely on their tiny cars' tiny headlights.

Tracks can have any layout at all; most popular length is 220 feet in twisty figure-eight over-and-under designs, which have the advantage of equalizing inside and outside lanes—though the outside lane on a slot track is not much of a disadvantage because the exceedingly spin-prone cars can take a wide curve much faster than a tight one.

Scratch & Spreads. The slot-shop craze may well turn out to be as pandemic as miniature golf. The Bank of America reports that, in California at least, the little cars are outselling that old stand-by, the electric train. Youngsters can rent cars in most of the racing centers until they have saved up the \$6 to \$8 to buy their own, or build themselves a "scratch" model from about \$6 to \$10 worth of materials. The mechanically minded have almost unlimited scope for improving the breed—rewinding coils and changing brushes to soup up their engines, boring holes to lighten chassis, testing new tire compositions and designs to increase traction. And oldsters with money to indulge themselves can buy their own layouts for installation in the basement, working toward the kind of spread that used to be the preserve of the model railroaders.

For young and old with racing in their blood, the stakes are already high. International Model Racing Society has offered \$28,000 in awards for Grand National and International tournaments to be held this year, and American Model Car Raceways Inc. is offering a whopping \$100,000 in prizes for teams composed of one person under 14, one under 21, one over 21, and a female of any age.



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THE THEATER

Divorce Is What You Make It

The *Odd Couple* is an evening of group hysteria, induced by Playwright Neil ("Doc") Simon. Director Mike Nichols and two greatly gifted actors of atrabilious hilarity, Walter Matthau and Art Carney. The only worry they leave in a playgoer's head is how to catch his breath between laughs.

Matthau and Carney are middle-aged newly de-weds. Matthau, a sports-writer, has been deserted and divorced; Carney, a news-writer, is booted out by his wife just as the play begins. Matthau invites Carney to share his lonely eight-room apartment. "What can I do here?" asks Carney. "You can take my wife's initials off the towels," replies Matthau with morose glee.

The two men begin living an uproarious travesty of a bad marriage, an astutely characterized study in incompatibility. Matthau is a gruff, irresponsible slob, a sort of cigar-chomping depilated bear who shambles around in his ill-kept cave. A Friday night poker-playing crony judges Matthau by a Rorschach test of his refrigerator: "I saw milk standing in there that wasn't even in the bottle." By contrast, Carney is a fuss-budgety fanatic of cleaning and cooking. The kitchen is his womb, and the apron string is his umbilical cord. But his real specialty is crying on his own shoulder; he claims more symptoms than there are diseases. Matthau grouches that his fidgety roommate is "the only man in the world with clenched hair." A clenched-jaw finale finds the pair admitting that they are not meant for each other, though each may have learned just enough about himself to mend his broken marriage.

The Mike Nichols touch, always deft, daft and droll, flicks *The Odd Couple* along at a dervish's pace. But it is Neil Simon's comic freshness of vision that provides the inner momentum. Simon rarely tosses a line straight up in the air for an isolated gag; he hits it across a net of personal relationships so that a steady volley of wit builds up out of character and situation. Simon also knows how to prod a cliché off its bed of banality so that it walks toward the brink of logical absurdity. "Who'd send a suicide telegram? Can you imagine getting a thing like that? You have to tip the kid a quarter." An entire rhetoric of expert timing is contained in Walter Matthau's slow burns and Art Carney's fretful fidgets, with Matthau inching out acting honors in one scene of nervous collapse that is rather like seeing the Empire State Building crumpling in slow motion. The rest of the cast is merely flawless.

For those ever-patient people in the box-office line, one thing is as sure as waiting for the tickets. When they do get in to see *The Odd Couple*, they'll live laughing.



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Photographed at Logan International Airport, Boston



**THOMAS
STRAHAN** ↑

Delivering wallpaper from their Chelsea, Massachusetts, plant to midwestern dealers proved to be a problem to the Thomas Strahan Company. Complaints of slow delivery indicated the need for a Chicago warehouse. Instead, this company turned to a service combining air freight and parcel post.

Individual packages are metered in Chelsea, flown in bulk daily from

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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Moderation in Dixie

In January 1961, Montgomery's rabidly segregationist Alabama Journal editorialized: "The federal courts are now running the public schools. The courts are gummed up with hundreds of cases as the South tries to resist herding incompetent and inexperienced voters to the polls and race mixing in the school rooms." Last week, in the wake of violence at Selma, Ala., the Journal had a far different message: "By dumb, cruel and vastly excessive force, we have made new civil rights legislation almost a dead certainty; we have stained the state and put the lie to its claims of peace and harmony; given enough rope, as if they haven't already been supplied it, our strategists will hang the state in vainglorious self-immolation."

As the Journal has changed, so has much of the rest of the Southern press. Massive resistance has given way to moderation in both news coverage and editorial opinion. "There are still islands of obstruction among the press," says a Georgia editor, "but fewer examples of outright resistance."

No Crisis of Conscience. As much as any other Southern institution, the press can be blamed for hamstringing integration and encouraging mob rule in the recent past. To be sure, a handful of Southern papers have been preaching moderation for many years: the Atlanta Constitution, the Arkansas (Little Rock) Gazette, the Charlotte Observer, Greenville, Mississippi's Delta Democrat-Times, the Nashville Tennessean. However, says Atlanta Constitution Publisher Ralph McGill, "the Southern press in general abdicated its responsibility to its own principles. This abandonment of responsibility was one of the massive contributions to violence."

Why have the papers now taken a different tack? Most have simply gone the way of the community. Worried about economic injury from bad publicity, power structures in many cities have pressured papers to tone down their diatribes. "Most of the newspapers have only been a weathervane, not a guide," remarks one Alabama editor. "There is no evidence of a crisis of conscience," says McGill. "The Civil Rights Act did many newspapers a great favor. The diarchs can now bow out gracefully by saying it's the law."

Too Late for Segregation. Whether moved by courage or realism, some papers have made surprising changes. Alabama's biggest daily, the Birmingham News, which used to make a practice of parroting the segregationist line, has covered the trouble in Selma fully and fairly and has run some thoughtful analyses of civil rights problems. "Whatever progress this state has made is imperiled when an atmosphere of hatred and fear is allowed to pre-

vail," said the News in an editorial. "That atmosphere is thickened, not dispelled, by intemperate actions of uniformed law officers of the state of Alabama, its counties or its municipalities."

The New Orleans States-Item, which was criticized along with the Times-Picayune for doing little to calm the city during the 1960 school integration crisis, sent a staff reporter to cover last summer's murder of three civil rights workers in Mississippi, and urged "reasonable Mississippians to raise their voices in a ground swell of indignation." Recently, the States-Item hired a Negro sports columnist. The Houston Chronicle, which has shifted from anti to pro integration, recently editorialized against a proposed state constitutional amendment to preserve discriminatory housing: "We need no laws aimed at Negroes, for that is what this is. We need no Mississippi-type 'solutions' in Texas." Explains Editorial Editor Dr. James Clements: "The time has gone when anyone can editorially support segregation. We get letters from irate readers, but no mass of letters."

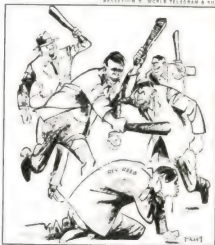
No papers have been more roundly condemned for fanning racial violence than the Jackson (Miss.) News and Clarion-Ledger. Yet even those two are showing signs of moving with the times. When the Civil Rights Commission held hearings in Jackson last month, both papers covered the event with only a minimum of their customary needling. When the hearings ended, the Clarion-Ledger made an unprecedented concession: the hearings, the paper declared, had been conducted with "dignity and patience."

Indignation in the North

Seldom do U.S.-dated news stories provoke such irate cartooning as the reports from Selma inspired last week. In Northern newspapers Alabama's Governor George Wallace and his cops were pilloried with the ferocity that cartoonists in the past have usually concentrated on Communist leaders or Hitler and his storm troopers.

Wallace, Alabama law-enforcement officers and Selma's red-neck hoodlums were caricatured as fascist bullyboys. Neanderthal dimwits or lumbering ogres from a horror movie. Expectably, the angriest cartoon of all was drawn by Herblock of the Washington Post, who depicted a moronic "Special Storm Trooper" chuckling with satisfaction as he washed a Negro woman's blood from his club.

Heavy-handed as many Northern cartoonists were, their indignant caricatures were more effective than their attempts to convey pity or shame. Though not so mawkish as some of his colleagues, Herblock at week's end sketched the murdered minister's grave. Propped against the headstone was a crown of thorns.



"WE GOTTA PROTECT OUR HERITAGE!"

HERBLOCK, APRIL 4, 1961, THE WASHINGTON POST



"I GOT ONE OF 'EM JUST AS SHE ALMOST MADE IT BACK TO THE CHURCH."

HERBLOCK, APRIL 4, 1961, THE WASHINGTON POST



"THAT'S IT! DON'T LET 'EM MAKE A MOCKERY OF OUR LAW!"
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COLUMNISTS

If Goldwater Had Won...

How would the U.S. have fared if Barry Goldwater had been elected President? "The mind boggles to think of it," mused Columnist Art Buchwald last week in the New York Herald Tribune. Nonetheless, Buchwald did his deadpan best to guess how things really would have turned out under Goldwater. To begin with, he wrote, "the Viet Cong would have blown up an American barracks. Goldwater would immediately call for a strike on military bases in North Viet Nam and announce a 'new tit-for-tat' policy." Democrats would make speeches that Goldwater was 'trig-ger-happy' and was trying to get us into a war with Red China.

"But Goldwater would ignore the criticism and continue the raids, using not only Air Force bombers, but also jets from the U.S. Fleet. As time went on, he would explain that, instead of a 'tit-for-tat' policy, we now intended to bomb North Viet Nam in order to let Hanoi know that they could not support the Viet Cong without expecting retaliation.

"Senators would call for some sort of negotiations. But Goldwater, with his lack of restraint, would retort that there is nothing to negotiate and we would only be selling out Southeast Asia if we sat down at a table with the North Vietnamese and Red China. Instead, he would recklessly announce that he was sending in a battalion of Marines with Hawk missiles to protect our airfields. His critics would claim he was escalating the war, but Goldwater would deny it. Instead he would bomb supply routes in Laos and Cambodia.

"To explain these desperate actions, Goldwater would have the Defense and State Departments produce a 'White Paper' justifying the attacks and proving that Hanoi was responsible for the revolution in South Viet Nam."

Of course, wrote Buchwald, Democrats would hotly insist they had known all along that Goldwater would plunge the U.S. into a war. Republicans would argue that Goldwater had no choice, that anyway he had merely inherited the Viet Nam mess from the Democrats. "It all seems far-fetched," allowed Buchwald, "and I may have let my imagination run away with itself, because even Barry Goldwater wouldn't have gone so far. But fortunately, with President Johnson at the helm, we don't even have to think about it."

REPORTERS

The Underdogs' Favorite

Los Angeles Times Reporter-Columnist Paul Coates, 44, specializes in sentimental stories about the oddball and the offbeat. In 18 years of reporting, he has become familiar to just about every criminal, cop and kook in California. When he walks across the yard at San Quentin prison, inmates line up to shake



RUIZ & COATES

A weakness for engaging crooks.

his hand. He has interviewed pickpockets, prostitutes and crooks on TV: once an escaped mental-asylum patient barged into the studio and unburdened himself over the air. It has become something of a local practice for fugitives from justice to surrender to Coates.

When he answered his office phone one Friday last month, Coates was not surprised to hear a husky female voice announce that Manuel Ruiz, one of a suspected gang which had relieved an armored truck of \$110,000, wanted to surrender. Coates accepted the offer. "Dad's playing Dick Tracy again," quipped one of his sons. Coates appeared at the appointed hour on a lonely Los Angeles street corner. "I always do it, and I'm always scared."

Back in Coates's office, Ruiz pulled a paper bag with a suspicious bulge out of his pocket. "Here it comes," thought the reporter. But all that emerged from the bag was a pint of Scotch. "You care if I take a few nips while we talk? I feel pretty shaky," said Ruiz, shaking.

Why did Ruiz want to surrender? He had blown most of his money on a girl friend and on bribing his way in and out of Mexico. Why did he want to surrender to a Times man? He knew that Coates had a weakness for engaging crooks. Besides, Coates would be in line for a \$5,000 reward, which Ruiz wanted him to put in a trust fund for his four children. "He felt I wouldn't double-cross him," recalls Coates.

Coates agreed to the deal, but the only reward he got was a big scoop in the Times. The holdup victim, Armored Transport, Inc., "not about to give any additional money to a man who may have already beat them out of \$40,000," says Coates. But a good reporter is not easily put off a juicy crime story. Last week Coates was doggedly tracking down a lead to Ruiz' brother Henry, an alleged member of the hold-up gang. He has high hopes of engineering still one more sentimental surrender.



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RELIGION

THEOLOGY

Any God Will Do

The idea of God, said the U.S. Supreme Court last week, is undergoing an "ever-broadening understanding" in the modern religious community. In deciding unanimously that unorthodox believers qualify as conscientious objectors under the Selective Service Act, the court dealt at length with the nature of a Supreme Being, and produced a ruling studded with references to the Vatican Council, Paul Tillich's *Systematic Theology*, and Anglican Bishop John Robinson's *Honest To God*.

"Goodness & Virtue." The decision involved three men of such individualistic faiths that their draft boards did not

mate concern." Bishop Robinson likewise rejects the traditional notion of a God "out there" who exists "above and beyond the world he made."

"A Ray of That Truth." Even the Roman Catholic Church, according to the Second Vatican Council's draft declaration on non-Christians, is willing to respect views of the creator less specific than its own. "The Church regards with sincere reverence those ways of action and of life, precepts and teachings which, although they differ from the ones she sets forth, reflect nonetheless a ray of that Truth which enlightens all men."

The diverse manners in which beliefs may be articulated, Clark concluded, indicate that Selective Service examiners

Gallagher in the weekly *Ave Maria*. "They are unavoidably influenced by the spirit of their own time in history."

The re-examination of authority also stems from the *aggiornamento* of the Second Vatican Council, which is transforming Catholicism, in the words of Kansas City Layman Robert Hoyt, editor of the National Catholic Reporter, "from a religion of paternalism to a religion of personal responsibility." The debates in St. Peter's have made it clear that it is no sin to question outdated traditions. Moreover, the council's decree on the nature of the church marks the triumph of a revolution in theological thinking about what Catholicism is. It not only restores to bishops collegial rule that was theirs in the early church; it also justifies freedom of action and thought by the laity, who, the decree says, are "permitted and sometimes even obliged to express their opinions on those things which concern the good of the church."

This restructuring of authority has led to conflict and tension at almost every level of the church. Among bishops, for example, there is widespread resentment against efforts of the Roman Curia to limit the council's reforms and the scope of the bishops' collegial power. Last week, the U.S. hierarchy's ecumenical commission met in Washington to formulate rules for interfaith contacts; it ignored an order limiting those contacts handed down recently by Archbishop Egidio Vagnozzi, the apostolic delegate (TIME, March 12).

Outspoken Journals. Among laymen, the new spirit of questioning shows in the tone of such lay-edited Catholic journals as *Commonweal*, *Ramparts*, *Jubilee* and the National Catholic Reporter, which have sharply criticized such authoritarians as James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, and have given plenty of space to speculative proposals for further Catholic reforms in clerical celibacy and the theology of marriage. It is also apparent in the zest with which laymen are writing about Catholic theology, often critically. In a new book called *Objections to Roman Catholicism*, British Housewife Magdalen Gofin challenges many devotional practices as superstition; Rosemary Haughton writes a sharp but reasoned demand for more freedom in the church.

Increasingly, priests and laymen disobey the orders of an immediate superior in the name of obedience to "the mind of the church." One striking example took place in England last month, where Father Arnold McMahon of Worcestershire and Father Joseph Cocker of the Isle of Wight openly challenged the church's position on contraception. "The official teaching authority has decreed that contraception is always wrong," wrote Father McMahon in the Birmingham Post. "This is what I deny." It is also denied in practice by millions of Catholics. "They don't leave the church over birth control nowadays," says San Francisco Jesuit George



JAKOBSON



PETER



SEEGER

If it's faith enough for the theologians, it's faith enough for the draft board.

credit them with having "a belief in a Supreme Being" as the draft act demands for exemption from duty. New Yorker Daniel Seeger is an agnostic who believes in "goodness and virtue for their own sakes," and has no faith in God "except in the remotest sense." Arno Sascha Jakobson, also of New York, accepts a creative "supreme reality" in which "the existence of man is the result." California's Forest Britt Peter believes in "some power manifest in nature which helps man in the ordering of his life."

These vague faiths were good enough for the court, which unanimously agreed that all three cases passed the act's test of Supreme-Being belief (the court specifically avoided the question of whether an atheist could qualify as a conscientious objector). Associate Justice Tom Clark argued for the court that Congress did not intend the act to apply only to orthodox members of organized churches. He cited Protestant Theologian Tillich, "whose views the Government concedes would come within the statute." Tillich firmly rejects the God of traditional theism in favor of a "God above God" who is the "ground of all being" and the source of man's "ulti-


mate concern." The only consideration is whether a conscientious objector's religious belief, however vague, has the same place in his life as God has in that of an orthodox Christian or Jew.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Authority Under Fire

The Roman Catholic Church is an authoritarian, hierarchical institution whose Pope and bishops claim to govern by divine right as descendants of Christ's apostles. This fundamental Catholic concept is now undergoing widespread scrutiny, criticism and questioning, leading to what Father Joseph Gallagher, an editor of Baltimore's archdiocesan weekly bluntly calls "a crisis of obedience in the church." What is being questioned is not authority as such, but how it is exercised; not the concept of obedience, but what it means in the modern world of free men.

The Spirit of the Time. The current Catholic mood of restlessness and discontent is in part inspired by challenge to authority plentifully visible in secular society. "Members of the church are also citizens of the world," writes Father



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Kennard. "They leave that particular doctrine."

Quitting the Seminaries. In religious orders, there is considerable discussion by priests and nuns about the need to modernize the vow of obedience to allow more individual initiative. Bishops are also worried about the defection from seminaries of candidates for the priesthood who feel that they can do more for the church in secular jobs.

Many bishops have responded to defiance of authority with traditional methods of command. Bishop Bernard J. Topel of Spokane, Wash., last month said that "1964 will go down in the history of the Catholic press as a year of shame." Not only were certain publications guilty of attacking bishops by name, but, claimed the prelate, they called into question "the obligation of the laity to accept the teaching of bishops." Jesuit officials suppressed the publication of a symposium on obedience that raised some critical questions about the society's rules. Hierarchical pressure last month forced the National Council of Catholic Men to cancel a four-part television series explaining the current church-wide debate over birth control. Both Father McMahon and Father Cocker were promptly disciplined by their superiors, forbidden to preach, and sent off to retreats.

To Love & Serve. There are plenty of theologians who feel that such blunt methods are as obsolete as the Inquisition, and derive from an outdated understanding of the church as a purely juridical institution. Authority, they argue, has indeed the right to command and condemn—but it has an even greater obligation to love and serve. Jesuit Biblical Scholar John L. McKenzie of Chicago believes that the concept of bishops and priests as servants rather than masters of their flocks is a return to the earliest tradition of the church. "The base of authority in the New Testament is love, not the power to command or the power to coerce."

Many prelates, accepting this new theology of authority, have tried to put it into practice by welcoming laymen and priests into the corridors of power. In Atlanta, Archbishop Paul Hallinan has appointed more than 125 laymen to church commissions; Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston intends to have laymen present at archdiocesan ecumenical synods.

The real problem, argues Swiss Theologian Hans Küng, is how soon and how widely the spirit of the council is accepted throughout the church. If it is not, he warns, it could lead "to an extremely serious crisis of confidence in regard to the ecclesiastical office, which will not result in a new schism (no one today would find that worth the trouble), but rather in a further quiet exodus from the church on the part of so many for whom the council has rekindled a new hope. And who should like to take upon himself the responsibility for that?"



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A high-speed train, likely a Shinkansen, is shown traveling along a curved track through a hilly, forested landscape. The train is white with a dark stripe and is moving towards the viewer. The track curves sharply to the right, following the edge of a steep, wooded hillside. The background is filled with dense green trees and foliage. The overall scene conveys a sense of speed and modern transportation in a natural setting.

Title: _____
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which has long since become part of the University of Maryland, they decided on the revolutionary step of setting up educational standards similar to those already existing for medical training: either two years in the dental college or one year of dental training after a year in medical school.

That well-laid foundation remains in the curricula of most dental colleges. But over the years, while the medical aspects of mouth care have come to include whole new sciences such as microbiology, radiology and histology, dentistry itself has developed from crude craft into a highly respected and technical profession.

Modern dentistry has come to demand so many and varied skills that the average dentist has little time to stay abreast of medical science after his first years in dental school. Traditionally, explains Dean Salley, "the student spends his first two years learning the basic sciences, such as anatomy and physiology. Only in his third and fourth years does he begin to meet and treat patients and apply those basic sciences." What is needed, says the dean, is better continuity.

In the Baltimore school's huge main clinic, with its array of 64 dental chairs, advanced students now treat hundreds of patients (at nominal fees) every day under the guidance of their teachers. When the new \$9,000,000 building is completed in 1968, says Dr. Salley, "we plan to have freshmen deal with patients, learn to apply their basic knowledge before the end of their first year. They will continue to have basic science courses through all four years, so that clinic and classroom will always be meshed together."

There will also be a "multi-science" department, in which a student will learn that a cleft palate, for example, involves anatomy, speech pathology and social work as well as plastic surgery. To foster rapport with patients, and also because so many dental ills are at least partly psychogenic, the school will be teaching its students some psychology and psychiatry.

Preventing Decay. Even more sweeping than internal changes in his college says Dr. Salley, is something that is affecting the whole concept of dentistry. Instead of waiting for cavities to appear and then filling them, dentists are trying to do away with that part of their business. They are promoting the prevention of decay through oral hygiene and fluoridation.

"Today," says Dr. Salley, "98% of people get cavities. Where community water is fluoridated, the decay rate is cut by about 65%. If we could apply all we know to all the people, we could cut that rate to less than 20%. But there aren't enough dentists to apply all the knowledge we have." Baltimore is doing its bit by planning on bigger classes. "The first class, in 1840, had five students," said Dean Salley. "Soon we shall admit 128 each year."

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ART

MUSEUMS

The Muses' Marble Acres

They start arriving on the steep stone steps at an early hour. In winter, the motorcycle jackets and minks, chestfields and children's snowsuits quilt the entrance. In summer, every shirt-sleeve seems to end in an ice cream cone. In any season it is Sunday, and the people wadded up against the doubled Corinthian columns are waiting to get into the most culturally concentrated 20 acres in the U.S.—New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Watching the crowds jostling through the Met's entrance last week, Director James J. Rorimer, 59, could not repress a small sigh for the bygone days when museum corridors contained echoes rather than crocodiles of squealing children. "My ivory tower is no more," he said. In the decade of Rorimer's stewardship at the Met, annual attendance has skyrocketed from 2,830,000 to nearly 6,000,000, rising more rapidly than that of any other major U.S. museum. Over the Washington's Birthday weekend, the Met counted a record of 59,099 admissions during Sunday's four-hour visiting period. It was a record for only a fortnight; two weeks later, more than 62,000 came. The Met even plans to widen its front steps.

The pressure has become staggering. But Rorimer, like most U.S. museum directors, welcomes the crowds. Familiarity with beauty can only breed more beauty, he believes, adding, "We have more people interested in art today than when these old masterpieces were produced." To make the turnstiles turn faster, and thus acquaint more people with their artistic heritage, he arranged

in 1963 for Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* to make a guest appearance at the Met, certain that it would increase museum attendance by more than a million. It did.

Bravura Rembrandt. To cope with the current culture explosion, other museums sprout wings like seraphim. The Met is busily rebuilding itself behind its own monumental neoclassic façade. Two months ago, Rorimer reopened 43 newly air-conditioned, relit and restored galleries of European paintings. He unveiled the U.S.'s largest art reference shelf, the 150,000-volume Thomas J. Watson Library, and threw open the Vélaz Blanco Patio (*opposite page*), whose elegant lintels had lain in the basement since 1945. This week he will open to the public the Met's new Far Eastern and Islamic galleries (*color pages, following*), with great halls of giant buddhas that seem to ring with temple gongs, and a collection of Islamic art without parallel in any of the world's museums outside of Istanbul's Topkapi.

All these splendors just gild what was already there. Even within a single gallery, the Met is worth a thousand and one days of exploration. Only the Louvre and Leningrad's Hermitage, among museums outside of Holland, rival the Met's Rembrandts. Hanging in honeycomb luminosity are 33 of the

A treasure chest of Islam's rarities, among them Mohammed's personal belongings, Topkapi was the scene of the crime in the current motion-picture thriller of the same name, which possibly inspired the recent theft of the Star of India from New York's American Museum of Natural History. It is no mean tribute to the Met that the men accused of the burglary first cased the Met—and gave up.

Dutch master's softest illusions, from his early white-ruffled burghers to intense portraits of his mistress Hendrickje Stoffels to his jeweled Old Testament parables and his bravura *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer* (the costliest work of art (\$2,300,000) ever auctioned).

Renaissance Fantasia. Passing from gallery to gallery becomes a kind of progressive Elysian cocktail party. Nowhere in the world does such a trio of great Manets dominate a wall as do the Met's three restored portraits in Spanish costumes. El Greco's alabaster *Cardinal Niño de Guevara* glowers within sight of the Spanish master's only landscape, *View of Toledo*, and his last great commission, *St. John's Vision*. In adjacent quarters Poussin's Sabine women are abducted in the passionless postures of French neoclassic actors. Through another doorway the visitor is delivered into 18th century England, attended by four Gainsboroughs, three Reynolds portraits, a Romney, and a dozen other chamois-cheeked countenances that peer down, mellow within their lacework gilt frames, between ornate black marble period fireplaces.

"Just to show a Syrian head and say it's beautiful is not enough," says Rorimer. He relates pieces chronologically so that visitors stumble without accident upon one masterpiece that helps explain another. The Met's collection of Islamic art lines a corridor that logically leads to a 14th century tiled mihrab (prayer niche), as magically multicolored as a Persian carpet. To show the effervescent character of baroque art, a huge, gilded 17th century harpsichord is placed against a wall of Tiepolo's levitating flights of linear fancy. And in the center of a room coated with Italian 16th century masters rests Benvenuto Cellini's great cup, a Renais-



SUNDAY CROWDS AS THE MET'S DOORS OPEN
Familiarity with beauty can only breed more beauty.



REMBRANDT & ADMIRERS



SPANISH RENAISSANCE PATIO, dating from 1506, is among latest acquisitions of New York's Metropolitan Museum. Donated by George Blumenthal in 1941, court was only

recently installed, now serves as anteroom to new Thomas J. Watson art reference library. Through carved portal can be glimpsed 17th century wood statue of St. John the Baptist.

BUDDHIST PAINTING in newly opened Oriental wing took one curator three years to restore. Flanking it are five-ton Wei dynasty stela (left) and 14-ft., 6th century painted stone bodhisattva.

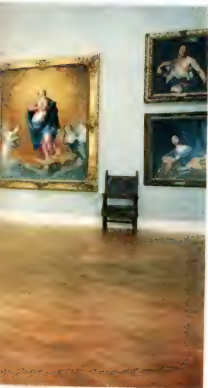


ITALIAN BAROQUE art is hung in one of Metropolitan's 43 revamped European-painting galleries. At right of 17th century celestial globe is Guido Reni's soaring oil of *The Immaculate Conception*.





CHINESE VASE newly acquired for the Oriental wing has slender lines and exquisite enamel-work marking it a major K'ang-hsi masterpiece.



MEDIEVAL PIETÀ of Swabian polychrome workmanship has just been

purchased for The Cloisters, the Met's monastery adjunct beside Hudson River.



AMERICAN MODERNS attract art student copyists as much as do museum's 33 Rembrandts. Modern U.S. works, which will eventually hang in \$4,000,000 American wing,

are (left to right) Conrad Marca-Relli's *The Battle*, Willem de Kooning's *Luster Monday*, Isamu Noguchi's beige marble *Kouros*, and Arshile Gorky's *Water of the Flowery Mill*.

sance fantasia 7½ in. high, in which a turtle and a dragon balance a seashell in gold, enamel and pearls.

Don't Caress the Curple. The man who has presided over the Met for nearly a decade works tucked away in a tapestry-lined office on a floor between ancient Etruscan pottery, above, and Greco-Roman statuary, below. Son of a Cleveland interior designer, Rorimer has been at home at the Met ever since his 1927 graduation from Harvard. A fervent medievalist and devotee of the decorative arts, he named his children Louis and Anne after the late 15th century French monarchs, Louis XII and Anne of Brittany, whose marriage was celebrated by the weaving of the Unicorn tapestries, which Rorimer acquired for the Met. He was director of the Met's Rockefeller-endowed, monastery-like Cloisters, overlooking the Hudson, from its very inception, when he virtually designed it by staking out full-scale mock-ups in burlap. Chosen from among 150 potential candidates to become director in 1955, he today heads up a curatorial staff of 128, administers a budget of \$4,800,000 (\$1,300,000 provided by the city), has behind him a war chest of more than \$1,000,000 available for new acquisitions.

But even after leading the Met through a decade of spectacular growth, Rorimer still prowls the museum like a bemused headmaster. Wearing ankle-high combat boots that go back to his Army days,* he roams the halls, wiping dust off display cases, bellowing "Please don't touch the art objects!" when kids tweak a sphinx's beard, or sternly lecturing an adult caressing a caryatid's curple: "That's 4,000 years old. If everyone who saw that had touched it, it wouldn't be here!"

The Missing Pot. Despite its hanging treasures, the Met under Rorimer has become vastly more than a picture gallery. Says Rorimer: "Museums have gotten into the problem of minor arts v. the so-called fine arts. Minor arts are simply things that are considered smaller." To prove that the minor arts are not always so small, Rorimer got the Hearst Foundation in 1957 to give him a lofty 45- by 47-ft. Spanish baroque choir screen, whose 60,000 lbs. of elegant grillwork spans one of the Met's halls. Only a museum can frame a room as art, such as the Met's cubiculum, or bedroom, from the Roman town of Boscoreale on the slopes of Mount Vesuvius. Its wall scenes of architectural vistas help make the museum's Roman painting the best outside Italy, as well as giving a sense of the 1st century B.C. country squire's yearning for civility. The private study of a 15th century Italian duke, Federico da Montefeltro, a Renaissance humanist, is a fool-the-eye masterwork: the tiny

think chamber appears to have cabinets popping open with navigational tools, books and musical instruments. It is all illusion, a 9½-foot cube for a pensive nobleman to fail-safe in.

As a total museum, the Met embraces all the muses. In its collection are 4,000 musical instruments from a baroque organ to Alpine zithers; and the museum's three Stradivarius violins are regularly lent for concerts in the Met's Grace Rukeyser Rogers Auditorium. Its priceless collection of 1,450 Greek pots includes all the known shapes of Attic vases across three centuries, except for one, an elusive type of *lekythos*. One corner of the museum contains an unequalled war lord's ransom of well-wrought jade in the Heber R. Bishop collection.

To maintain the U.S.'s only museum collection of medieval armor, the Met has a 200-piece set of armorer's tools,

linquishing them after death, 41 major donors bequeathed their collections to the Met; one so far unannounced donation would alone fill ten galleries.

With such depth to draw on, the Met can afford to place quality first. The day when donors' private collections were hung in toto is past; the Met insists on constantly upgrading as finer examples become available. Also past are the days when objects were crammed together in unlighted Victorian display cases. To catch the eye of the young (1,000 schoolchildren a day visit the Met by appointment), the museum inaugurated one of the first children's museums in the U.S., with spinning color charts, and a movie of unwrapping a mummy that fascinates even adults.

Home-Grown Art. The Met aims to be both a place of contemplation and study; and Rorimer's proudest statistic is that 32% of the museum visitors re-



RORIMER & JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER III AT ORIENTAL WING PREVIEW
The Elysian cocktail party could run 1,001 days.

some dating to the 16th century, including yard-long shears. In the penthouse studio, the restorers ("Most important men here," says Rorimer) contemplate a Renaissance Piero di Cosimo for months before attempting to remedy a millimeter's flaking. In the dungeon basements, a crusty bronze Vishnu lies in a vat of alkali soaking nearly a year until cleanliness restores it to godliness.

How to Unwrap a Mummy. Getting new art works is half the fun. But Rorimer collects objects with objectivity. He did not blink at buying a couple of lumpy 10th century Persian ivory chess pieces for a four-figure price. They are not so pretty, but they are as scarce as pterodactyl's teeth. The Met prefers to buy what collectors do not favor. Not enough French impressionists and post-impressionists? Indeed, the museum has only 28 Degas, 26 Monets, 22 Renoirs, 16 Cézannes and seven Van Goghs. But that is because Rorimer is in no hurry to buy at the top of the market. Death and taxes will funnel private prizes into the public domain. Just before last July 1, when tax revisions ended the practice of deducting charitable gifts now and re-

turn as often as two to three times a month. Artists come in droves, as students to sketch everything from Renaissance Madonnas to abstract collages, as established painters to perfect. Dutch-born Abstract Expressionist Willem de Kooning, who haunted the Met as a young man, says: "The greatest thrill of my life is to walk from the Rembrandt rooms and find my *Easter Monday* hanging on the wall."

Now that American art has risen to lead the contemporary world market, the Met is challenged to make room for home-grown work. Significantly, this occurs at a time when a major re-evaluation of earlier periods of U.S. art is in full swing. In response, the museum will put on view next month some 450 works of U.S. painting and sculpture, spanning three centuries in a previously impermanent panoply drawn from its own collection. Rorimer has also just announced plans for a new \$4,000,000 American wing. The Met being the Met, no sooner said than half the funds were promised. It all fits into the Met's grand philosophy—to live with the best of the past without slighting the present.

* As a U.S. Army captain, he received the *Légion d'Honneur* for his detective work in uncovering cached Nazi art loot.

SHOW BUSINESS

BROADWAY

A Man for All Scenes

Along Broadway he seems to be everywhere. The newlyweds are using his skylit walkup in *Barefoot in the Park*, and *The Odd Couple* (see THEATER) has just moved into his drab, cluttered flat. In *Luv* they are leaping off his bridge; gypsies are dancing in his fortunetelling parlor in *Bajour*. Sherlock Holmes is struggling with Moriarty on his cliffs of Dover in *Baker Street*; Ben Franklin is still joyously ascending in his balloon; and *Dolly* is giving her big hello from his Yonkers streetcar. In all, the seven sets account for more than one-third of the shows on Broadway, and all seven

ways. He studied architecture at Penn State, did a stint as a Roxy usher ("The stage design was hideous"), tried selling mackinaws in Gimbel's basement. He was also a member of the ménage in the Brooklyn Heights town house shared by W. H. Auden, Benjamin Britten, Carson McCullers and Richard Wright. Smith was the dishwasher and furnace man. He also thought he was a painter. His first show, if little else, attracted William Saroyan, who instantly commissioned Smith, then 23, to design his *Beautiful People* for Broadway.

Smith established himself within a year, mostly doing ballet backdrops, soon added a staff of up to four in the busy season. But they were only mock-



OLIVER SMITH WITH MOCK-UP OF NEW SET
An island of calm in an ocean of egos and ulcers.

are the work of kinetic, white-haired Oliver Smith, 47.

He is a man for all scenes and the delight of all producers. "Most designers are masters of a single color," notes Producer David Merrick. "So if the basic color of your show is red, you get so-and-so; if it's green, you get somebody else. You can get Smith for anything." He also proves himself happily at home in all genres and periods—from the romantic realism of his squalid bed-sitter in *A Taste of Honey* to the sculptural expressionism of his revolving turntable for *Dylan*. He is also uniquely fast (he splashed out 250 watercolor sketches for Hollywood's *Okla-homa!* in a fortnight), prodigiously productive (eight Broadway openings this season and a lifetime score of some 250 shows), and justly celebrated, with more Tony awards—six—than any other Broadway designer.

Three Fairs in One. Smith confesses to have been stage-struck ever since he saw *Carmen* at age ten in Buffalo, but he took a roundabout route to Broad-

way builders and draftsmen to turn the Smith brainstorms into blueprints, for Smith has always been his own idea man. His most lasting innovation was the development of mobile scenery; his choreographed ballroom stopped the show in the midst of *My Fair Lady*. But Smith has never been criticized for scene stealing. He just takes them when they are there for the taking. In a viable writer's show like *The Odd Couple*, Smith abstemiously designs "a set no one will ever notice." It is primarily in musicals with undernourished books that he lets fly. Prime examples: *Camelot*, which glittered as if it had been ripped from a medieval *Book of Hours*, and was called by Critic John McClain "the most beautiful show in the world." Or in *Baker Street*, whose eyeball-melting panoply was likened by Walter Kerr to "three world's fairs rolled into one."

Too Much Spinach. Smith is also valued for his unillappliance in what he himself concedes is a business for egomaniacs. Though he believes that the rehearsal theater must be a cockpit of

egos to produce greatness, Playwright Jean Kerr (*Mary, Mary*) notes that Smith himself "is an island of calm in the sea of temperament." In an atmosphere of round-the-clock convulsion, when the likes of Alan Jay Lerner are hitting the pill bottle or gulping milk for their ulcers, Smith has never been seen to order a sandwich in.

Over the years Smith has developed the flexibility and strength of Toledo steel. Author Arthur Laurents stood him down once in the Washington try-out of *West Side Story* by threatening to urinate on one set if Smith didn't replace it. Smith did, but vowed never to work on a Laurents show again. Smith also lost a round to Tennessee Williams, who forced him to add more shrubbery in *Night of the Iguana*—though Smith still swears it "would have been more successful without all that spinach." On the other hand, when Bette Davis complained that *Iguana's* raked, ski-jump stage was "sheer hell," Smith stood his ground—even after the props kept hurtling into the orchestra seats and Actor Patrick O'Neal busted a rib.

But for all the years of built-in abrasion, Smith has never been canned and has resigned only once. That was in *Flahooley* in 1951, when Producer Cheryl Crawford "saw it as a social document. I as a fantasy." Smith got his vindication when the show closed after 40 performances. It was a triumph to compare with his showdown with Sam Goldwyn during their film collaboration on *Guns and Dolls* in 1955. "Here I am," Goldwyn would say, "at work since 8, and you don't show up until 12." "I told him," recalls Smith, "I am a genius." "That's different," conceded Goldwyn.

Home in Brooklyn. What he really prefers to design is opera—he did *La Traviata* and *Martha* for the Met—or ballet, and he serves as unpaid co-director of New York's top-rated American Ballet Theater. Smith has also, over the years, co-produced a number of plays. His bonanza was Carol Channing's *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, but he is fonder of his failures, like Sartre's *No Exit*. Further sidelines—clients like Agnes de Mille complain that his work suffers from spreading himself so thin—include interior design, like his 1962 renovation of the Waldorf-Astoria Grand Ballroom into an 18th-century court theater. "It had been so damned ugly," explains Smith, "and besides, I'm not averse to making money."

"Scenic designers," he maintains, "are the most underpaid people in the theater." And he notes that the cost of carting off and burning the sets of *Kelly*, after its inadvertent one-night stand on Broadway last month, was \$6,000—slightly more than Smith's fee for creating them. Not that Smith is hurting. His take from *My Fair Lady* alone reached \$65,000, with royalties still acoming. And in any case, he has managed to move out of the old artists' commune to a bachelor pad of his own a few blocks away. It is a yellow brick

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TELEVISION

Prime-Time Rainbow

This season NBC is programming 70% of its nighttime shows in color. But it turns out that this is a mere drop on the palette. Proud as its peacock, NBC announced that next September it will become the "Full-Color Network."

That was hoisting a bit. Actually it will be the "96% Prime-Time Color Network," but who's counting? Next fall, from 7:30 to 11, seven nights a week, NBC will be kaleidoscopically ablaze with 14 old shows and 13 new. Then the only off-color notes will be sounded by *I Dream of Jeannie* for a half-hour, *Convoy* for an hour, and an occasional feature film. *Jeannie* will have light grey hair, because Jeannie is a genie, and getting her out of a bottle is a ponderous camera trick in color: *Convoy* will be deflowered because it incorporates black-and-white wartime film clips. Otherwise the prime-time rainbow will be unblemished. And off prime time, NBC will continue to co-ocast the *Johnny Carson Show* and at least 18 daytime hours each week. When it all started in 1954, NBC managed to grind out only a pale 68 color hours for the year. For the 1965-66 schedule, that total will be 3,000.

The color explosion has hit the opposition too. ABC has been colorcasting three series, as well as some movies and specials. Next season, although one will be dropped, three new series, *Gidget*, *The FBI Story* and *Big Valley*, will join the color line-up. At CBS-TV President John Schneider, in his premiere announcement at his new post, took his network into the wonderful world of color for the first time on a series basis. Red Skelton and Danny Kaye will both be tinted in the fall. And having caved in to prime-time movies, CBS will color the ones Hollywood colored.

As for NBC's parent company, the Radio Corporation of America, color it green. Under the prod of Board Chairman David Sarnoff, 74, the company sank \$130 million into color TV before getting a penny out. Now RCA manufactures most color-television tubes, licenses the rest. With an estimated 3,000,000 color sets (which start at about \$380) now in use in the U.S., and with the new NBC schedule as a come-on, the number is expected to jump to 5,000,000 by 1966.

Color TV is RCA's leading consumer product in volume of sales, and the clutch of future orders has already backlogged. What's more, the American Research Bureau reports that in color-equipped homes, NBC flays the opposition with every tinted offering. All of which, of course, explains the ecstatic cry over hue at NBC.

Candles of Culture

Too often, television seems esthetically a benighted land; the networks may curse the darkness they have created, but they leave it to the independent and educational channels to light candles of culture. Two glowing examples from the current season:

► *The Esso Repertory Theater*, a weekly, one-hour sampling of the U.S.'s flowering rep companies and the only major straight-drama series on TV. The 13 rep groups, winnowed from 22 auditioned by Producer David Susskind, stretch from Washington, D.C., to the state of Washington, and their repertory has a still wider reach—from Euripides to Beckett. Last week the guest company was Chicago's Hull House Theater, their offering was Harold Pinter's demanding *The Dumb Waiter*. And their rendition? So stunningly effective



HULL HOUSE THEATER'S "DUMB WAITER"
Also less alarming creatures.

as to be worth the series' syndication price alone.*

► *The Creative Person*, a National Educational Television series aimed at elucidating the thesis: "The creative person has a special gift: his private vision of the world." The cycle of half-hour programs has already premiered over 20 of the U.S.'s largest NET channels, will eventually be carried by all 90 of them. The opener, "A James Thurber's-Eye View of Men, Women and Less Alarming Creatures," was a resourceful, rousing revue adapted from the author's work. This week's show focuses fascinatingly on Household Poet-Critic John Ciardi; among its vignettes: a sound track of the artist reading his own domestic verse ("Men marry what they need, I marry you"), while the camera watches his wife pouring herself coffee in their Metuchen, N.J., kitchen. Among future subjects: Painter Leonard Baskin, Indian Composer Ravi Shankar, Author P. G. Wodehouse, Film Maker Jean Renoir, and Metropolitan Opera Impresario Rudolf Bing.

The plays are viewable only on nine Atlantic Coast stations, although sponsors fear they may yet buy syndication rights, as they did with Esso's earlier efforts, such as the *Festival of Performing Arts* series.



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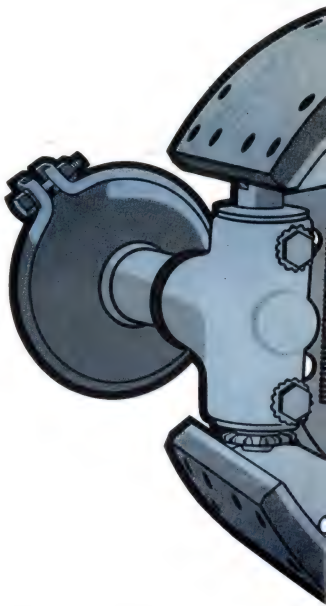
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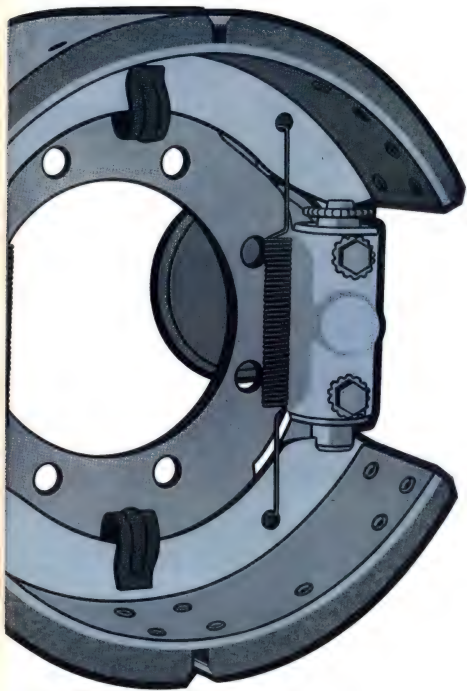
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MILESTONES

Born. To Letitia ("Tish") Baldrige, 37, Jackie Kennedy's former social secretary, now a Chicago public relations girl; and Robert Hollensteiner, 33, real estate operator: their first child, a daughter; in Chicago.

Morried. Kathleen Brown, 19, youngest of California Governor Pat Brown's four children; and George Rice III, 20, fellow student at Stanford University; in a civil ceremony in Carson City, Nev., after eloping from the ski lodge near Squaw Valley where they were weekend with her parents. Said the Governor: "It was a complete surprise. But I wish them all the happiness in the world."

Divorced. By Eleanor Parker, 42, still stunning Hollywood blonde, brunette or redhead, most recently the marriage-bent (blonde) baroness outmaneuvered by Julie Andrews in *The Sound of Music*; Paul Clemens, 53, Hollywood portrait painter (up to \$10,000 per capita); on grounds of extreme mental cruelty; after ten years of marriage, one child; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Henry H. Ford, 52, U.S. Consul General in Frankfurt, Germany, no kin to the Detroit Fords but nonetheless a well-known name to Germans as the genial, efficient boss of the U.S.'s biggest consulate anywhere (500 employees), contributing strongly to rising commercial and cultural relations; of a fractured skull sustained in a car accident near Limburg, Germany.

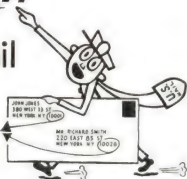
Died. Henry Clay Greenberg, 68, New York state supreme court judge who last year banned John Goldfarb *Please Come Home*, Twentieth Century Fox's spoof on Notre Dame's football team, agreeing with the university that the film would cause "irreparable injury" to its prestige and good will, a ruling later reversed and now before the state court of appeals; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Margaret Dumont, 75, stately foil for Marx Brothers shenanigans in the 1930s and early '40s, who in seven films (*Animal Crackers*, *A Day at the Races*) played the society dowager to Groucho's knave with hardly a quiver of her lorgnette, while he pranced, pinched and leered; of a heart attack; in Los Angeles.

Died. Clemente Cardinal Micara, 85, vicar general since 1951 and unofficial bishop of Rome (the title belongs to the Pope), known to fellow members of the Vatican Curia as the "Grand Elector" for his key role in lining up conservatives behind his friend and fellow liberal Giovanni Cardinal Montini in the 1963 papal elections; after a long illness; in Rome.

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U.S. BUSINESS

BANKING

A Bit of Embarrassment

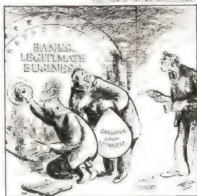
"I don't know of a single case where bank failure has not been attributable to gross misconduct," said the U.S. Comptroller of the Currency, Jaunty, loquacious James J. Saxon, who was in the limelight again and loving it, but what U.S. bankers saw was a glaring spotlight trained right on them. The occasion was the opening last week of hearings by Arkansas Senator John McClellan and his Senate Investigations Subcommittee, familiar probes of the nation's sinners, into a recent rash of troubles in U.S. banking.

The nation's banks have never been more prosperous, but their very prosperity has created some problems. Some shady elements have been attracted by the prospects of fast money, and even the Mafia and Murder Inc. have been tied to some bank difficulties. A few banks, unable to resist the lure of business on every side, have overextended themselves and met with woe. Eight banks were shut by state or federal authorities in 1964 and another four have failed this year—more than in any comparable period since the Depression.

Senator McClellan went out of his way to state the indisputable fact that the U.S. banking system is "basically sound and of the highest integrity." Reno Odlin, president of the American Bankers Association, pointed out that last year's failures involved only 0.06% of the nation's banks, said that "banking is probably one of the most racketeer-free industries in the country." All very true—but that did not take the sting out of the daily headlines about banking scandals, and it is unlikely to lessen the embarrassment of the banking community as the weeks of investigation wear on.

On to Las Vegas. Jim Saxon, who supervises the 4,700 U.S. national banks, charged as a starter that underworld activity, gambling and phony securities were behind the recent failure of chartered national banks in California, Colorado and Texas. He accused Don C. Silverthorne, president of the defunct San Francisco National Bank (\$41 million in assets), of "gross misconduct and gross deception," said that he had exacted huge fees from some borrowers and then spent part of the money gambling in Las Vegas. "Untrue—and he knows it," replied Silverthorne, who gets his chance to testify this week.

At the Brighton National Bank in Colorado, said Saxon and his aides, a Denver mystery man named James W. Egan, whom they described as an apparent "front for gangsters," secretly got control of the bank before it had even opened, and "completely milked" its assets. Two financiers, one with a criminal record, took over the First National Bank of Marlin, Texas, through a front



"DON'T GET US WRONG, OFFICER,
WE'RE PUTTING MONEY IN"

man, said Saxon; they promptly turned around and collected \$179,000 in commissions for selling the bank mortgages of dubious value.

Saxon defended his controversial record of chartering 369 new national banks during 1963 and 1964, insisting that such expansion was essential to keep up with the expanding economy and to generate competition among lenders. Like many bankers, he blamed bank takeovers by unsavory characters on a loophole in federal law (since closed) that left federal officials in the dark about changes in bank ownership. Mindful of congressional cries that gangsters may still be buying up banks to sanitize their hot money, Joseph W. Barr, chairman of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp., announced that he has set up a unit to help the Justice Department weed out criminals in banking.

Riskier Items. The McClellan hearings are the more embarrassing to bankers because they come just when a

debate is heating up over whether U.S. banks have overextended credit. Squeezed between rising interest costs paid to depositors and stable rates on loans to business, banks are shunting more and more money into such high-yielding but riskier items as mortgages and consumer loans; they are also, some critics charge, lowering standards for borrowers. Installment credit extended by commercial banks has more than doubled since 1956, rose another 11% last year to \$24 billion.

Most bankers still do not think that that is too much, but the number of critics is growing. Arthur L. Nash, senior loan executive of Manhattan's Brown Brothers Harriman, fears that "the stage may be set for trouble" because of careless lending, and H. Frederick Hagemann Jr., president of Boston's State Street Bank, worries because "banks are more highly loaned than at any time since the '20s." Says Ransom Cook, president of San Francisco's Wells Fargo Bank: "The proper criticism now is that banks aren't conservative enough." If Senator McClellan's current probe does nudge bankers in that direction, some bankers feel, it may even be worth the embarrassment.

Settling an Account

By a short 30 minutes, the Justice Department failed in 1961 in its bid to block a merger between New York's Manufacturers Trust Co. and the Hanover Bank. Aware that Justice viewed the merger as a violation of the antitrust laws, the banks speeded up their negotiations, legally joined to form the nation's fourth largest bank half an hour before the trustbusters filed suit to stop the action. Faced with a *fait accompli*, a federal judge refused to consider the Justice Department's bid for a restraining order. Furious over the maneuver, particularly since the two banks had not discussed their plans with it, Justice immediately filed another suit.

Last week the trustbusters had their revenge. In Manhattan, Federal Judge Lloyd MacMahon ruled that the Manufacturers Hanover union had indeed conflicted with antitrust laws, and declared it illegal. It was the first bank merger to be declared illegal by any federal court below the Supreme Court, and it made the bank the largest firm ever to lose a merger case in the courts. The judge did not specify that the two banks must return to their original status, gave the bank and the Justice Department ten days in which to propose a settlement. Manufacturers Hanover Trust will probably attempt to effect a compromise, perhaps hoping to sell some of its branches to other banks or to spin them off to form a new bank.

Dividing an Omelet. Still angry over the 1961 maneuver, the Justice Department is not in a compromising



CURRENCY COMPTROLLER SAXON
Prosperity has its problems.

mood, intends to press for a split-up. "Some persons seem to feel that you can't unscramble an omelet," says William H. Orrick Jr., head of Justice's antitrust division. "You can't. But you can divide it into two parts." Justice plans to ask the court to require the bank to divide its accounts, loans, branches and personnel into two independent banks, one about twice the size of the other—the ratio between Manufacturers and Hanover in 1961.

Even splitting the omelet poses sticky problems. In the 34 years since merger, Hanover's organizational structure has been completely integrated with Manufacturers, and many former Hanover executives are no longer among the firm's 10,000 employees. Manufacturers Hanover has current assets of \$7 billion, \$2 billion more than the combined assets of the parent banks, has gained

AVIATION

Push for the SST

The U.S. plans for a supersonic transport have had as many ups and downs as a single-prop plane bulling its way through a thunderstorm. Last week President Johnson received the most optimistic report yet on the SST—a report that has suddenly brightened the plane's uncertain prospects. Prepared by the Commerce Department, it bases its favorable analysis of the 1,900-m.p.h., 150-passenger plane on several new economic and technical discoveries.

Government and industry have been spending \$2,000,000 a month for research on the SST, about 75% of it Government funds. Work on the drawing boards and in the wind tunnels has produced important design improvements in both the SST's airframe (for

Monroney is now proposing that the Administration underwrite a major part of the SST prototype-development program (the original stand of the U.S. airframe makers), wants to see both a Boeing and a Lockheed prototype. After flight tests and evaluation of the prototypes, the government would make its choice and the winning company would then build production-line ships with its own risk capital; the government would recover its development costs through a royalty arrangement. Washington has an increasingly powerful motivation for giving the go-ahead: if the SST market is forfeited to the British and French, who seem to have patched up their differences and are forging ahead with the Concorde, the U.S. would lose upwards of \$10 billion in potential sales in the next dozen years.

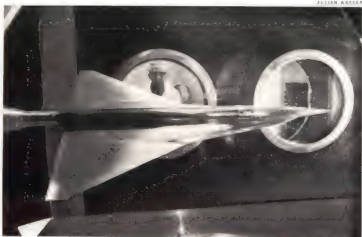
WALL STREET

Aniline, My Aniline

The 36 financiers, lawyers and Government officials gathered in the arch-ceilinged office of Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach fell suddenly silent. Ceremoniously, an aide sliced open an envelope and passed its contents to Katzenbach, who read aloud the figure on a slip: \$29,476. The audience buzzed with surprise, and one onlooker gasped: "Incredible! Let them have it." The figure, said the Justice Department's key financial adviser, was "beyond their wildest dreams."

So last week, after 23 years of courtroom haggling, foreign intrigue and Wall Street speculation, the U.S. Government finally unloaded General Aniline & Film Corp., the giant industrial combine that it had confiscated in 1942 on grounds that the Swiss owners were fronting for I.G. Farben, the German chemical cartel. At \$29,476 a share for 11.2 million shares, the Aniline stock offering brought in \$329,141,926.49. It was the largest competitive stock offering in history, ranking second in size among all offerings only to the Ford stock sale in 1956. Placed on the market at \$30.60, the shares were completely snapped up by investors, who drove the price up to \$36 before it settled back to \$32 at week's end.

Behind Locked Doors. The winner in the competition for Aniline's stock was a syndicate of 215 underwriters led by Manhattan's Blyth & Co. and First Boston Corp.; the cry of "Incredible!" had come from the representative of a competing syndicate of 350 companies headed by Lehman Brothers, Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and two others. Blyth and First Boston bid \$1.21 a share more than the competition, and Blyth's hoard room back in New York broke into pandemonium when the word was flashed from Washington. The sixth largest U.S. underwriter and the biggest over-the-counter dealer, Blyth had formed the syndicate to bid for Aniline way back in 1945, had kept its members together for two decades while the legal



MODEL FOR 1,900-M.P.H. AIRLINER IN LOCKHEED WIND TUNNEL

"Time to get it off the drawing board."

six new branches (total: 136) and thousands of new customers. To Justice, this simply reinforces a contention that the merger materially reduced bank competition in New York; for the bank, it raises the question of how it can possibly assign its new assets and customers in any split. The bank is expected to fight right up to the Supreme Court any move to materially reduce its size.

Struck Down. The trustbusters hold the upper hand. In decisions that set the precedent for Judge MacMahon's ruling, the Supreme Court ruled in 1963 that the proposed merger of two Philadelphia banks was illegal, and last year it struck down a Lexington (Ky.) bank merger. If the Supreme Court continues in this pattern, more federal judges may be emboldened to back the trustbusters' complaints in the lower courts. The Justice Department is now arguing suits against Milwaukee and Chicago bank mergers, is expected to file another against a San Francisco bank. It is also watching other mergers that it feels might lessen competition among banks, which it ranks as "perhaps more vital than in any other area."

which Boeing and Lockheed are competing) and engines (General Electric v. Pratt & Whitney). The airframe makers have discovered that a relatively small reduction in airframe weight produces a disproportionately larger increase in payload: a 1% reduction, for example, would increase the payload by 10%. National Aeronautics and Space Administration research has given increased hope for solving the problems of sonic boom. And estimates of the world market for the SST have been raised from 200 planes to 400.

All this has convinced many previously hesitant airline officials that the plane is commercially practical, and has turned the congressional head wind against the SST into a tail wind. "My gloom has been dispelled," says Mike Monroney, chairman of the Senate Aviation Subcommittee, who less than two years ago was nearly ready to abandon the SST. "I am convinced that it is now time to get our SST off the drawing board." Says Boeing President William M. Allen: "Boeing would be prepared to implement a construction program tomorrow."

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battle over Aniline went twice to the U.S. Supreme Court and once to the World Court.

How had the syndicate decided on its price? As the sale date neared, its managers carefully scrutinized Aniline's performance, interviewed its executives, visited its 14 plants. They also gauged the probable public demand for stock on the basis of the price of the 61% of stock already on the market and of the advance orders for the Government's 93%. Finally, after each member had suggested a price, the syndicate members agreed on their bid behind locked doors less than an hour before the sale. That \$329 million figure—33 times what Aniline earned per share in 1964 (\$10.7 million) and 27 times the top forecast for its 1965 net—was high enough so that 25 firms withdrew from the syndicate. The risk was considerable: had the syndicate overestimated what the public would pay by only a little more than \$1 a share, it stood to lose several hundred thousand dollars (plus the \$900,000 cost of the transaction) instead of pocketing its \$12.5 million underwriting fee.

Splitting the Proceeds. Aniline's Swiss owner, a holding company called Interhandel, will net \$121 million from the sale because of former Attorney General Robert Kennedy's controversial decision to settle its ownership claims out of court by splitting the proceeds. The Government's \$208 million will go into a war-claims fund to pay U.S. citizens for property and (in some cases) relatives lost during World War II. As for the anxious new investors, they hope to profit by the improvement in General Aniline's prospects already begun under research-minded President Dr. Jesse Werner. Many are also aware that two other German-owned companies seized by the U.S. in World War II (Rohm & Haas and Shering Corp.) jumped ahead dramatically after they were sold to private enterprise.

ECONOMIC THEORY

Weather & Wife

Economists seek explanations and enlightenment in statistics in much the same way some people do in Scripture—and occasionally they come up with fascinating little nuggets:

► *American Investor*, the magazine of the American Stock Exchange, last week reported a statistical study that shows that consumers are inexorably controlled by the weather in their buying habits. Statisticians found that every degree of temperature below normal on any day in spring, and every degree above normal on any day in fall, will cause retail sales to fall off exactly 1%. Furthermore, they reported, every one-tenth inch of rain that falls between 7 a.m. and 11 a.m. on any day inevitably depresses sales by 1%.

► Researchers at the Chase Manhattan Bank have played a new inning in the old game of calculating what a wife



atoms aweigh

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is worth. They figure that the average housewife works a 99.6-hour week, spending among other duties 44.5 hours as a nursemaid (at \$1.25 an hour), 5.9 as a laundress (at \$1.90), 13.1 hours as a cook (at \$2.50). Even without overtime for work beyond 40 hours, the housewife's weekly pay would come to \$159.34. Paid at competitive rates, most housewives would make as much as their husbands.

INVESTMENT

Off the Beaten Track

Some people are never satisfied—particularly investors. Though 20 million U.S. share owners seek their opportunity in the stock market and millions more are attracted to bonds and mutual funds, a growing number of investors are eager to take a bigger risk in the hope of making a faster buck. They are plunging into unconventional investments that offer such attractions as novelty, tax relief and, when the investor has guessed right, quick-rising profits.

Barrels & Breeding. Many of the opportunities are new; others have been around but are just being discovered by the mass of speculators. Investment in Scotch whisky, once highly specialized, has become so widespread that the Securities and Exchange Commission recently announced that it will move to impose controls on it. Investors buy the raw whisky by the barrel, wait while it ages for three years or longer, often collect a 100% profit when it is finally sold to bottlers. For \$1,000, those who want to be angels can buy a 1% share in the North American rights to a low-budget European bedroom comedy or spy thriller, can look forward to doubling their money if the movie is moderately successful or doing much better if one of its small-time starlets blossoms into a minor Bardot or Lollobrigida.

Antique cars have become so popular in the U.S. that putting money into them frequently produces a handsome profit, and small radio stations across the U.S. are doing so well (average yearly profit

20%) that they have become a favorite investors' haven. Other investors have discovered both the profit and joys of horse breeding, attracted by last year's 23% increase in the auction price of racing colts. Cattle managing has also become popular; it boasts such notable investors as Jack Benny, Greer Garson and Advertising Executive Marion Harper, all of whom seek the average 30%-40% annual return after taxes. The net runs high because earnings from sales of herds are taxed as capital gains at a top of 25%, and investors can write off the expense of raising herds against their income taxes.

Caveat Emptor. The tax angle has also heightened the appeal of shares in oil wells, which enable the investor to claim the 27½% depletion allowance and write off the expenses of drilling and operating the wells. There is speculation in money itself: the growth of coin collecting in recent years has nudged the value of uncirculated coins up as much as 70% a year. Diamonds, long a solid investment, are attracting more investors than ever; prices of small stones have risen 7% in the last year. Another longtime investment area, commodities futures, is winning new enthusiasts. For as little as \$500 and a 95% margin, investors can buy a commodity contract valued at \$10,000, gambling that it can be resold at a higher price. To the list of dozens of commodities (including soybeans, wheat and pork bellies), the Chicago Mercantile Exchange last month added a new opportunity for investors: futures in dressed beef.

In such cases the old rule of *caveat emptor* especially prevails. The offbeat plunger can make a big splash if he is lucky; he can also quickly go under. Bankers and investment houses usually shy away from such unusual and high-risk opportunities, but potential investors seldom have trouble hearing about them. Word travels rapidly through accountants, special brokers, newspaper advertisements, relatives or neighbors who want to let someone in on a good thing—they hope.

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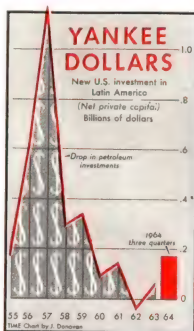
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WORLD BUSINESS



LATIN AMERICA

Return of the Money

A worldly group of businessmen gathered in Buenos Aires last week to speak of Latin American investment in an unaccustomed atmosphere of hope. Eighty-five bankers and industrialists, dedicated to bringing together U.S. investment dollars and Latin American opportunities, had come from every part of the hemisphere for the annual meeting of the Inter-American Council of Commerce and Production. This year the meeting was more important than usual: after several years of growing disenchantment, U.S. investors are again showing interest in putting money into Latin America. It is, however, money with some strings attached. Speaking candidly, George Moore, president of New York's First National City Bank, told the Latin Americans: "We support only our friends—only those who help themselves."

More Stability. The investment climate has become friendlier since it reached a low in 1962, when foreign investors took more capital out of Latin America than they put in. New U.S. investment rose from \$64 million in 1963 to \$175 million in the first nine months of last year, and is still climbing. The chief reason for the rise is an improvement in Latin America's political posture. Castro's influence has waned, and so have fears of Communist takeovers. More governments are moving toward stability. A rise in commodity prices last year helped commodity-dependent Latin American economies. Even more impressive to the U.S. investor, the State Department has negotiated detailed agreements with 15 Latin American countries guaranteeing investors

against losses from expropriation, currency inconvertibility, war, revolution or insurrection—the very losses that they fear most in Latin America.

Many American companies have revised their investment plans to include new facilities in Latin America, including Dow Chemical, General Motors and Chrysler, all of which are building large new plants. U.S. Steel, Union Carbide and Alcoa are considering multimillion-dollar expansions there. Chile's government has persuaded its U.S. copper companies—Cerro de Pasco, Kennecott and Anaconda—to invest \$410 million by 1970. Venezuela has done such an effective job of mopping up its Communists that Jersey Standard's Creole and other oil companies, which transferred more than \$100 million out of the country in 1962 and 1963, are pumping capital back in again, though not so fast as in the banner year of 1957. Mexico's President Diaz Ordaz recently set a new tone by declaring: "We need and welcome private capital." In the light of anti-inflation measures in Brazil, the World Bank, in which the U.S. has the greatest stake, has agreed to lend money to that country for the first time in five years.

Tax Holidays. There are still plenty of dangers and disappointments. Soaring prices and shaky governments bother Bolivia, Uruguay, Colombia and Argentina. The Latin American Free Trade Association has made scant progress, though the more modest Central American Common Market has been surprisingly successful. Almost everywhere Latin Americans still have a strong aversion to foreign investments in utilities, oil drilling, mining, and other enterprises that extract and export natural resources. Nonetheless, there is still great potential for investment in such growing fields as auto parts, petrochemicals, machinery and some appli-

ances. And there is another strong incentive for Yankee businessmen to look south: several Latin American countries have begun to declare tax holidays for U.S. industrial investors.

NEW ZEALAND

Sooner than Apopo

New Zealand is a land of diverse and gentle beauties, from the semitropical grasslands and steel-blue lakes of the north to the magnificent fiords, mountains and waterfalls of the cooler south. Life, too, tends to be placid for New Zealand's 2,590,000 inhabitants. Cradled in the arms of a welfare state, they have practically no unemployment, easily buy houses on government loans and are cared for with "womb-to-tomb" government benefits. The Maori word *apopo*, the equivalent of Latin America's *maliana*, symbolizes the New Zealander's belief that much, and perhaps all, can best be left till tomorrow.

Perilous Balance. As might be expected in such a country, New Zealand has problems, and solutions cannot be put off until tomorrow. One big problem is a dog-chasing-tail economy: with little industry of its own, the country depends heavily on exports of its butter, beef, mutton and wool to balance the steady flow of imports that its people need. The balance has become so perilous that New Zealand has decided to make some major changes in its economy. Last week the government approved the creation of a native steel industry that will refine ore from New Zealand's black sand beaches. The steel mills, to cost \$156 million, will save \$56 million a year in imported steel costs and become the largest industrial project in the nation's 125-year history.

The steel complex will use low-cost power from another new project now abuilding: a grid of power plants that



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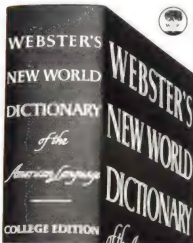
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will generate electricity from such unusual sources as boiling springs and a water raceway that runs underground for nearly six miles through the rocky soil of South Island. Parliament will soon extend the country's territorial limits from three miles to twelve to protect New Zealand's infant fishing industry, which is being trained by the Japanese to catch tuna and by the Australians to harvest oysters. Hoping to form a kind of Tasmanian Common Market, New Zealand is renegotiating its trade agreements with neighboring Australia, which supplies 20% of all New Zealand's imports but takes only 3.5% of her exports.

One Wide Yawn. With all its natural attractions, New Zealand hopes to attract more foreign tourists. Only 113,000 visited New Zealand last year (15,000 of them Americans), and most of them have to fly prop planes from Australia or Fiji to get there. So far, there has been little reason to come: most New Zealand hotels are dilapidated, service is poor, almost all bars close at 6 p.m. daily, there is practically no night life and a New Zealand Sunday is one wide yawn. The government is determined to improve matters, hopes that it can raise tourist income from \$27 million to \$40 million within a few years. Next month, for the first time, jets will arrive from Sydney to land at Christchurch airport; by year's end the all-new Mangere airport will open outside Auckland and Air New Zealand will begin flights to North America.

No one in New Zealand is working harder to make matters easier for tourists than Sir Robert Kerridge, an Auckland businessman who bought his first movie theater at 17, now runs 130 of them in a \$28 million complex that also includes shipping, real estate, photographic and finance companies. Kerridge is convinced that changes in the blue laws and bolder private enterprise could eventually raise New Zealand's tourist business to \$300 million, is conducting a one-man campaign to make New Zealand realize this potential. Putting his money where his mouth is, he has bought 63-acre Pakatoa Island near Auckland, is erecting a \$4,500,000 resort for 200 guests, who will be ferried from the mainland by hydrofoil. "Natural charm provides only half the attraction," says Kerridge. "The New Zealander's friendliness must provide the rest." At his private resort, the blue laws will not prevail, and no one will be cut off at 6.

BRITAIN

A One-Woman Show

By her own admission, Mrs. Margery Hurst is one of Britain's richest and most self-esteeming women. She has more reason than most for being both. At 51, she heads Britain's largest secretarial employment agency, London's Brook Street Bureau, which she herself founded in 1946 with a \$200



BROOK STREET'S HURST
Putting up with 95% perfection.

loan. "I never thought for a moment that I could fail," says Mrs. Hurst. Her confidence in herself has not been misplaced. This week her Brook Street Bureau will take the unusual step of going public with the sale of \$40,000 of its shares for more than \$1,000,000. Another 1.8 million shares and a 73% control of Brook Street remain in the hands of Mrs. Hurst and her family.

More than a quarter of a million girls annually find jobs through the Brook Street Bureau, lured by its imaginative advertising and reputation for considerate treatment. They are hired by an impressive list of clients, including Philips, Monsanto, Woolworth, Pan American and Bendix, who pay dearly for the services of what Mrs. Hurst characterizes as "the Rolls-Royce of employment agencies." Brook Street carefully tests its girls for professional skills, personality and appearance, accepts only one out of every three it interviews, and refuses to place a shorthand typist unless she has had a minimum of three years' experience. In setting up tests, Mrs. Hurst at first demanded that applicants equal her own typing skill. She soon realized, of course, that "no one was likely to be as good as I, so I had to put up with 95% perfection."

By striving for perfection, Mrs. Hurst has made Brook overflow its banks. Profits have risen from \$55,000 in 1955 to more than half a million dollars last year. In addition to its main office in London, the bureau has opened 46 branches, five of them last year. The Hurst chain's overseas offices in New York, San Francisco, and Sydney, Australia, do a two-way business, finding English secretaries for American and Australian firms, American and Australian secretaries for English firms.

This shorthand road to success has brought handsome Margery Hurst the rewards she feels she so richly deserves. She lives with her lawyer-manufacturer husband and two teen-age daughters in a 22-room country home in Surrey, has a Mayfair flat, a Bentley, a swimming pool, a butler and a lady's maid. But her proudest possession remains the Brook Street Bureau. "I have built up this business on my own," she says. "Absolutely on my own. It is a one-woman show."



Take your secretary on your next business trip.

The Dictaphone Travel-Master is the most portable of portable dictating machines.

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RIISING SUN INN (14th cent.) You'll find the Rising Sun in Lymnouth, a fishing village in Devon. While in Devon, try the cider—but sip it slowly. It's heady stuff. And it costs only 15 cents a pint.

Britain invites you to eight friendly inns —all 400 years old

(Prices range from \$3 to \$7 a night including heavy breakfast of country sausages, bacon or kippers.)



LORD CREWE ARMS (15th cent.) This Northumberland bar was once the cellar of Blanchland Abbey. Test your skill in one of the pub games: darts (above), shove ha' penny and skittles.



NEW INN (1311 A.D.) Our picture was taken at lunchtime in Penbridge, Hereford. You can lunch off crusty bread, country cheese and ale for about 75 cents. Dinner is seldom more than \$4.50.



FALSTAFF INN (1403 A.D.) This inn is just outside the city wall of Canterbury. Chaucer and his fellow pilgrims passed through that gate in 1387, on their way to the Cathedral and Becket's shrine.



GEORGE AND PILGRIMS INN (1403 A.D.) The local abbot built this inn for pilgrims who came to Glastonbury, "the holiest earth in England." The abbot's room has a huge four-poster bed.



BULL INN (c. 1450 A.D.) The Bull in Long Melford was the home of a medieval wool merchant. Friendliest way to learn the histories of old inns is to chat with the hosts. No language problem.



FALCON INN (15th cent.) Shakespeare used to live opposite this Stratford inn. Tip: Visit Britain's inns in Spring or Fall. Car rental rates are lower. And inglenooks are less crowded.



YE OLDE BELL (1113 A.D.) This inn is the pride and joy of Hurley, on the Thames. Britain's most intriguing inns are pinpointed in "Inns of Britain," a free 56-page guide. See offer below.

CINEMA

Dragon Ladies

Hush... Hush, *Sweet Charlotte* is a gruesome slice of shock therapy that, pointedly, is not a sequel to *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* The two films are blood relatives, as Producer-Director Robert Aldrich well knows, but *Charlotte* has a worse plot, more gore, and enough bitchery to fill several outrageous freak shows.

Choicest holdover from *Jane* is Bette Davis, unabashedly securing her clawhold as Hollywood's *grande-dame* ghoul. As Miss Charlotte, Bette rummages through the psyche of a Southern belle who first appears, already acting a teeny bit strange, one memorable evening in 1927. During a ball, someone slips out to the summer house and takes a cleaver to Charlotte's married lover, who has just jilted her. First John's right hand is lopped off, then his head, never to be seen again. Anyway, not for 37 years.

Now, the creepy ante bellum mansion where Charlotte has lived in unkenpt seclusion for decades has to be torn down to make way for a bridge. "Dollin' Cousin" Miriam (Olivia de Havilland) arrives to help Dr. Drew (Joseph Cotten) handle the crisis and learns firsthand that the good old days are far from over. That night, in Miriam's closet, a dress is slashed to ribbons. Soon a head rolls out of a box, a hand starts picking out tunes in the music room, and heaven only knows where a body will turn up.

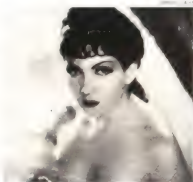
Director Aldrich piles on a series of scream-in-the-night shocks, the better to hatten a script strikingly short of sneakier surprises. In *Charlotte's* formula for terror, the nuttiest characters naturally turn out to be saner than anyone else. But there is rich menace in the dark, lushly mossy photography of Joseph Biroc, whose camera seems to have a malevolent presence of its own—a thing of shadows, catching the glint of an evil eye through the gossamer of steamed windows or sweeping up a curved balustrade that coils into the blackness below like an enormous question mark.

To make clear that the fright is all in fun, this monster rally offers not two but four seasoned movie queens—three of them ready to let down their hair, hips, waists, bustlines, or anything else that might suit an unseemly occasion. The tidy one is Actress de Havilland, who flings away her composure but retains her chic. As the murdered lover's widow, Mary Astor offers an ashen portrait of a woman who is not quite dead but already appears embalmed. Oscar Nominee Agnes Moorehead, as Charlotte's loyal drudge is a snarling, scratching sound-and-sight gag who seems determined to out-overact the best of them. But Bette meets the challenge in a climactic staircase scene.

a horrendous ham classic. Sobbing, she crawls to the top of the steps, sees something, freezes like a psychotic spaniel, then goes howling down backward and sideways, all matted curls, eyeballs and quivering flesh. By the time she rumbles to a stop, audiences may justly wonder which apparition is scarier—Bette at the bottom or that Thing up top with the muddy feet.

Girls Girls Girls

The *Love Goddesses*, put forth as a history of sex in the movies, is a grab bag of old film clips that suggests that the sundry excesses of *Sweet Charlotte* stem from time-honored Hollywood tradition. In *The Cheat* (1915), villainous Sessue Hayakawa leaves the mark of his desire on Fannie Ward's neck with



COLBERT IN "GODDESSES"
A miss can become a myth.

a hot branding iron. In one of her early forays, Vamp Theda Bara anticipates the living bra by wearing what appears to be a giant tarantula. In *Blonde Venus* (1932), a gorilla lumbers through a chorus line, yanks off hirsute head and paws and clears its throat for a husky song. The gorilla is Marlene Dietrich, who puts on top hat and tails for another floor show in *Morocco* (1930), ends by kissing a lady customer.

After tiptoeing past the social significance of such phenomena, the film's narrator asserts that "Depression breadlines brought about an age of innocence," which in turn brought fame to Shirley Temple, Deanna Durbin and Dorothy Lamour. Obviously *Goddesses* blunders into some broad generalizations, but it does offer an Olympus of dimpled deities, each doing her utmost to prove that any personable young miss can become a myth with sufficient luck, sufficient talent, or perhaps just a well-placed lip. Sensation seekers lured by its title will find *The Love Goddesses* a disappointment. But movie buffs will happily sit through Harlow, Hayworth, Turner, Monroe, Taylor, Loretta and Bardot to see tempestuous Pola Negri taking a whip to small-town pruders (*Woman of the World*, 1925); a giddy Greta Garbo clomping around in a tank



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suit for her first Swedish film (*Peter the Tramp*, 1922); and durable Claudette Colbert sharing her milk bath with two thirsty black cats (DeMille's *Sign of the Cross*, 1932) in what must be the only known instance of a striptease accomplished swallow by swallow.

Masterful Maid

Diary of a Chambermaid. Newly arrived from Paris to work in a stolid provincial home, the vixenish maid (Jeanne Moreau) quietly appraises her surroundings. Her employers inhabit a cheerless chateau stuffed with ferns, overprotected *objets d'art*, and family skeletons. She duly notes that the place is full of opportunities for a clever girl. "Do you mind if I touch your calf?" asks the master, feeling amorous. But Madame is watchful, so the maid bestows her favors instead on Madame's father, a haughty old fetishist who asks only that she hike up her skirts and model his shoe collection. In *Diary's* jauntiest footnote, Moreau slumps in an armchair letting the old goat fondle her instep while her face mirrors every nuance of amusement, resignation and unutterable boredom. A scene or two later, the fetishist is found dead in his bed, the shoes beside him.

In this abrupt shift of mood, what began as a polished Gallic satire of bourgeois sex and morality suddenly becomes inflamed with black Spanish fury. Director Luis Buñuel (*The Exterminating Angel*, *Viridiana*) is the powerful talent whose vision dominates this corrosive, meticulously detailed film based on the 1900 novel by Octave Mirbeau. Buñuel resets the story in the 1920s and tips Mirbeau's well-aimed shafts with poison. But in the end, *Diary* seems inconclusive, a series of vivid sketches only partially held together by Buñuel's enlightened misanthropy.

Taken scene by scene, the film shows matchless artistry. When the handyman Joseph rapes and murders a neighborhood child he encounters in the woods, violence is unearthened with horror, poetry and compassion in one brief shot of snails inching across the dead girl's leg. In another agonizing sequence, the lady of the manor haltingly discusses her frigidity and her husband's unusual demands with an acquisitive young priest who prefers to talk about repairs for the church roof. "I can only stress that for you there must be no pleasure," he offers distractedly.

Though the triumph of mean-spirited men is clearly Buñuel's theme, he seems perversely unable or unwilling to settle accounts with the chambermaid, his pivotal character. She spurns her master, loves the murdered child, seduces the sadistic Joseph, promises to marry him, turns him over to the gendarmes with some show of regret, and finally marries the boor next door. Miraculously, Actress Moreau performs a contradictory role with an air of wry and knowing detachment, as if she were privy to soul-deep secrets that even the best directors can only guess at.

A black and white photograph showing a church with a steeple situated on a small, grassy peninsula. The peninsula is surrounded by a large body of water, likely a fjord, which is flanked by steep, forested mountains. In the foreground, there is a smaller pond or lake, also surrounded by trees. The overall scene is a serene landscape view.

A short hop West
and you're in
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Big controversy—
should it be called the
Norway of Canada
or Canada's
Mediterranean.
Anyway, there's
swimming off the
rocks, fishing,
hunting, and
shopping for
Totem totems.



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through the woods.
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3. Select jobs in your company that the mentally retarded can fill, and hire them.

4. Persuade employers to hire the mentally retarded and help those who cannot find work by themselves.

5. Accept the mentally retarded as American citizens. Give them a chance to live useful, dignified lives in your community.

6. Write for the free booklet to the President's Committee on Mental Retardation, Washington, D.C.





BOOKS

The Public Act

AN AMERICAN DREAM by Norman Mailer. 270 pages. Dial. \$4.95.

If Norman Mailer is not the best U.S. novelist of his time, he is certainly the most conspicuous. No literary cocktail party or TV panel is complete without him, whether he appears in his role of spokesman for the intellectual left or as prophet of the new morality.

In fact, what appears to have occur-



MAILER

Norman? All shook up by the Times.

ried most of his energy during the last decade is not novel writing but a messianic effort at transmogrifying the entire U.S.—society, psyche, apperceptions and all. That this is the business of a holy man, or an adman, does not deter him. Mailer yearns to be hip, but he is inescapably square. For only a born square would preach the way he does. That is what is exasperating, touching, and ultimately tedious about him.

He discovers that sex is important and complicated, and goes on and on about the need for correct orgasms. He suggests that adolescent hoods be enlisted in an "Adventure Corps," in which they could test their manhood against authentic danger. Or he writes an article (nonpolemic, visionary, slightly stodgy) on the future architecture of cities. In 1960 he planned seriously (he is always serious) to run for mayor of New York. He never did; that was the year he stabbed his second wife, Adele.

The Good Fight. In *The Presidential Papers*, he wrote of his "small inability to handicap odds." It is no small inability; it is the lack of a sense of proportion. All of his ideas seem equally good to him, all fights equally worth fighting. He is in danger, also, of becoming less a private sensibility than a public act. His very long essay on the first Liston-Patterson fight contains a detailed description of how he had gone to pieces

that weekend: hung over and distracted at a press conference after the fight, he shouted insults at Liston, got himself carried bodily from the room.

With his usual compulsive need for self-abasement, Mailer explains what had happened. Partly, he reports, his near crack-up occurred because he had drunk too much. But the largest and (if this were not Mailer talking) least believable reason was that he had opposed Conservative William Buckley in a formal public debate on the night before the fight. Mailer had prepared seriously for the debate, he says, and it was clear that he had won. Friends said so. Then came the next day's New York Times, which reported the debate frivolously and passed the result off as a draw. This injustice, he says, set him off.

Double Date. His latest public act is his latest novel. In 1963, *Esquire* announced that Mailer had undertaken to write a New Novel against monthly deadlines, the way Dickens used to write. The first installment, published two months after the assassination of President Kennedy, began in brisk damn-said-the-duchess style: "I met Jack Kennedy in November 1946. We were both war heroes, and both of us had just been elected to Congress. We went out one night on a double date . . . and I seduced a girl who would have been bored by a diamond as big as the Ritz." Now, five months after the last installment appeared, Dial Press has published this tidied-up though not cleaned-up hard-cover version.

It is hard to decide what the novel is, let alone how good it is. One guess, which is tough to talk away, is that *Dream* is a dream, a deliberate parading of the author's nightmares and virility fantasies. Mailer stabbed his wife: Stephen Rojack, the chap who double-dated with J.F.K. in the novel, throws his wife out of a window. Mailer dislikes cops: Rojack engages in a long duel with the fuzz, who are trying to pin the murder on him (they fail). Rojack is a haunted and hunted loner, squatting without shelter between hip and square: Mailer may see himself this way.

Cutting Off. Certainly the novel is a crime story—and when Mailer pays attention to his narrative, it is a good one, with a snapping what-happens-next quality. But what seems likeliest is that Mailer is preaching again. In *The Naked and the Dead* he preached about fascism; *Dream's* preaching is that salvation comes only by cutting oneself off from society. Eventually, it is you against the rest of them.

Under this rubric, Rojack's killing of his wife becomes a station on the way to self-realization. By the time of the fatal act, Rojack has quit Congress to become a TV lecturer and a university professor "with the not inconsiderable thesis that magic, dread, and the perception of death were the roots of motivation." Magic is represented by love-making

with his mistress Cherry. Dread presumably is provided by his wife, a voluptuous bitch who may represent the square society. When he kills her, he is deserted by his university and his TV sponsors. Walled off from the masses on one hand and the intelligentsia on the other, he takes his tempered soul off to the jungles of Guatemala.

Summarized, this sounds like a ride on a hobbyhorse. But because Mailer is a born writer, it is a heady ride—a bit absurd but, like all of the latter-day Mailer, somehow disarming because it has been attempted by a man who knows all along that the bystanders may laugh.

Tin Lizzie

AMERICAN CHROME by Edwin Gilbert. 448 pages. Putnam. \$5.95.

Conspiracy is afoot. Clearly, the writers of the big bad sub-novels have secretly banded together, in the interest of economy, to pool their characters. The same people with the same names keep popping up.

Consider Tony: within a month he appears in Author Gilbert's big bad book about the auto business in Detroit and in another novel about the same thing, John Quirk's *The Hard Winners*. In both books, Tony is the handsome, talented but weak vice president who aspires to the top spot in the corporation but is blackmailed and loses out because he is a corrupt womanizer. Then there's Ann. She has grown up from the plain good girl of bad novels published several seasons back and become the lovely, sexy girl Author Gilbert shows her to be today. Daringly, he makes her rich, too. But the reader can be sure that the girl named Ann is still good at heart.

The fellow to watch out for is Scott. Only last summer Scott was the dashing, heroic flyer in Leon Uris' sweaty saga about the Berlin airlift. Now here



GILBERT

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future

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he is again, successfully making the transition to civilian life as an idealistic, heroic young automotive executive. His battles in Detroit, working for Author Gilbert, are as simple as when Uris used him in Berlin. He fights for honest salesmanship and for improvements in the product. He indignantly opposes a loudmouthed supplier who is bribing and blackmailing Tony. At the end it looks very much as though Scott will marry Ann.

Better writers than Gilbert have tried and failed to create the big good novel about American business. Stereotyped characters are only a part of the problem. The real obstacle is that novelists rarely know corporation life. They have trouble giving their characters meaningful work to do at their jobs. They have no idea of the subtle moral dilemmas the business organization can thrust at a man. Therefore the novelists fall back on bribery and sexual pandering, though these blatant corruptions are 1) unconvincing on realistic grounds because they occur only in a few grubby corners of the business world, and 2) uninteresting on fictional grounds because nobody concerned has any doubt of their immorality.

When the psychological turning point of an ambitious epic of business is the moment when the hero refuses to let the corrupt supplier pay for his call girl—by golly, he'll pay his own way—the effect is not only meretricious but laughable.

Booty & the Beast

LINCOLN'S SCAPEGOAT GENERAL by Richard S. West Jr. 462 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$7.50.

He looked like Ben Turpin in uniform: a massive head, topping out at 5 ft. 4 in., rimmed with wild auburn hair and set with droop-lidded eyes that flashed haphazardly in opposite directions. He was called "the Beast," and "Old Cockeye"—though rarely to his face. For Benjamin Franklin Butler was one of the Civil War's toughest and most hated Northern generals.

Author West, professor of history at the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis and a Southerner himself, was not attracted to Butler by hero worship. "I wanted to take on the meanest damned rascal I could find," West explains. But in sorting through the myths, West discovered that beneath the Beast's rapacious exterior dwelt a man of wit, large ideas and generous humanitarianism.

Whipped in the Field. When the Civil War broke out, Ben Butler was New England's most famous criminal lawyer, a raspy-voiced Democrat who had long crusaded for shorter working hours and the secret ballot. Lincoln needed all the Democratic trimmings he could get in the war, and since Butler was incidentally a brigadier of the state militia, Lincoln dispatched him to Maryland, which was threatening to secede. Butler seized Annapolis and then, in a

USO

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lightning move by night, occupied mutinous Baltimore.

In the flush of success, Butler sent poorly officered troops into combat at Big Bethel—the war's first battle—and got whipped. Though Big Bethel was soon forgotten in the greater Union calamity at Bull Run, it established Butler's reputation as an inept field commander. But when New Orleans was taken, Butler was sent to take over the occupation.

The *Woman Order*, New Orleans' haughty *grandes dames* scorned the occupying Union Forces, spat at the blue-coats passing in the streets. Rather than jilt these indelicate flowers of Southern womanhood, Butler hit on a stratagem: any woman who insulted Union officers in the streets would be "treated as a woman of the town plying her avocation." To Southerners, this "Woman Order" sounded like an invitation to rape (though no incidents developed), and the Confederacy proclaimed Butler an "outlaw" to be hanged.

Butler was a tough administrator, and his "sins" multiplied in Southern eyes: he hanged a man named William Mumford who had torn the Union flag from atop the U.S. Mint (though Southern and Copperhead critics conveniently forgot that Butler also hanged Union soldiers caught looting in New Orleans); he confiscated property and gold that the rebels had hidden (but passed it all along to Washington).

Against Miss Nancyism. He was better at politics. After the war, he shifted allegiances from Democrat to radical Republican, was elected to Congress. In eleven years in the House, he espoused woman suffrage, currency reform and the eight-hour day. He stood firmly opposed to what he called "Miss Nancyism"—in this case a sympathetic approach to Reconstruction of the South. With his sharp lawyer's mind, he was a natural choice for prosecutor when the Congress tried to impeach President Andrew Johnson. Cautious and too clever by half in many people's opinion, Butler attacked Johnson as if he were a horse thief. The impeachment move failed by one vote.

Butler went on to crusade for Negro civil rights. In 1875, he introduced a "radical" but prophetic civil rights bill before the House: it demanded that Negroes be granted "full and equal accommodations, advantages, facilities, and privileges of inns, public conveyances, theaters, places of public amusement; and also of common schools and public institutions of learning." Congress passed it (sans the education clause), but the act was declared unconstitutional in 1883 by the Supreme Court.

Beast Butler was too far ahead of his time, concludes West. Uncompromising in his "liberalism," he broke with the Republicans in 1884 to run for President as the candidate of a coalition known as the "People's Party." Though he campaigned with a verve and color



BUTLER

Old Cockeye? Wit and humanitarianism.

reminiscent of Daniel Webster, his reputation—deserved or undeserved—had caught up with him. He polled only 175,000 votes of the 10 million cast in an election that went narrowly to Democrat Grover Cleveland. When Butler died in 1893, at the age of 74, Charles Dana of the New York Sun wrote his epitaph: "He was no pretender and no hypocrite."

A Monstrous Complicity

SOUL OF WOOD by Jakov Lind. 190 pages. Grove. \$3.95

These disturbing fables might have as their epigraph the theme of Goya's nightmarish etching cycle, the *Caprichos*: "The sleep of reason produces monsters." With merciless humor, Goya gave the forms of grotesque man-beasts to 18th century hypocrisies. Jakov Lind, writing cheerily of cannibals and cripples in Nazi Germany, imprisons the reader in sweaty dreams of guilt. The guilt is not merely German. Lind's force lies in his ability to suggest that the sleep of reason in this century produced not only monsters but a monstrous complicity—a pact signed and mutually witnessed by murderers, accessories, victims and the world's bystanders.

Honest Man, Lind, the son of Austrian Jews who were deported and killed by the Nazis, mocks German pretensions of decency with slapstick caricature in the long title story, *Wolbricht*, the protagonist, prides himself on his honesty. A one-legged veteran of World War I, he is employed by a Jewish couple to care for their paralytic son, Anton. When the parents are ordered off to an extermination camp, he agrees to take care of Anton in return for the lease to their apartment.

After the parents are carted off, does Wolbricht take the easy course and turn



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He mentioned the freedom to move around and mingle, yet with his own comfortable room to go to when he wanted privacy. Being a scenery buff, he was enthusiastic about the Vista-Dome with its picture windows where, as he put it, "you're close enough to really see and enjoy the magnificent scenery."

He had an interesting outlook on time, too—called it a "healing balm." "This train," he said, "doesn't take time, it gives me time, time to relax and unwind and get my mind off the pressures of business."

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Anton over to the authorities? Certainly not: he is honest. At great trouble to himself, he smuggles the boy to the country in a crate and leaves him alone in a mountain cabin with a three-week supply of food. Anton cannot feed himself, of course, being paralytic, but that is not Wolbricht's problem. Thinking well of himself, he returns to the city to sell the apartment lease. But what's this? A bump on his forehead the size of a pigeon's egg. Wolbricht presses the bump in, but pop, it comes out on the back of his head. He presses again. Pop, over one ear. Again. This time on the top of his head. That's better, he can wear his hat over it. No harm done.

In this caricature of conscience, gaily colored symbols jump at the reader like



LIND

A hat can cover a conscience.

pop-up pictures in a children's book. It must be painful to be a German and read this novella: it is hard enough to read it as a bystander.

What's Noble? *Journey into the Night* is particularly hallucinatory. Two men are taking an overnight train to Paris. One tells the other in a friendly way that he is a cannibal and intends to eat his companion as soon as he falls asleep. Ridiculous, naturally. No, really, the first man is quite serious. He opens a small satchel and brings out a salt shaker and tools for dismembering a body.

"I don't believe a word of it. You can't saw me up."

"I can't eat you as you are. Sawing's the only way."

Half-mad himself by now, half-asleep, the traveler nurses: "Here is a madman, he wants to eat me. At least he wants something. What do I want? Not to eat anybody. Is that so noble?"

The traveler blunders free at last, but the cannibal, too, escapes. "He stepped cautiously down the embankment and vanished in the dark. Like a country doctor on his way to deliver a baby." Evil lives, Lind is saying; it lives.

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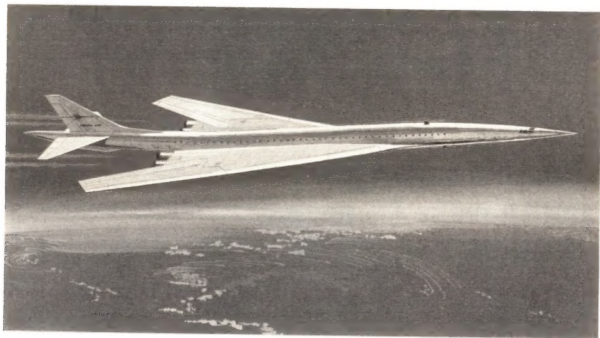
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